## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.

VOL. XIX.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 2.



BATHING AT THE CONTINENTAL SEA-SHORE RESORTS.

BY J. HOWB ADAMS.

HE underlying principle which gov-French when they bathe is radically difessence of democracy.

As a result of this difference in belief erns the actions of the English and these methods of bathing are widely dissimilar from the outset: on the one ferent from that of the American. In hand, at the English and French resorts Europe, the belief that ocean bathing the ocean bather uses a van, or bathingshould be done privately still exists: machine, which is simply a very small European bathing customs conform to bath-house on wheels; this van is drawn this idea, while in America this style of backward and forward on the beach, folbathing is treated as a public function as lowing the rise and fall of the tides; its much as rowing, riding, or other athletic location is changed even during the bath, sport. There is back of this difference in order to keep it at the water's edge. of belief and behavior the fundamental In this way the ocean bath is supposed difference between America and Europe; to be a private one, the bather stepping abroad, the old idea of exclusiveness still from his or her van directly into the prevails; at home, the ocean bath is the water. In those parts of the coast where many of the bath-houses are stationary,

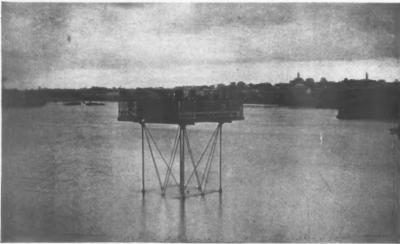
Copyright, 1895, by John Brisben Walker.

is in this case only a white muslin sheet blush for its lack of modesty. which envelops the figure from head to intended by their originators, for, envellooks like a somnambulist.

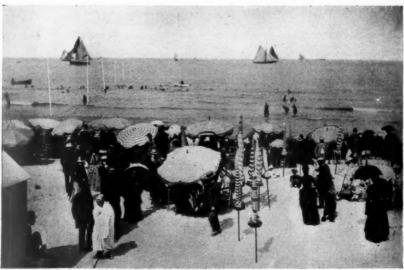
While the bathing-machine abroad rises the beach.

as at Trouville, the same principle of ocean bathing with us is scarcely menprivacy is carried out: each bather, it tioned above a whisper; yet each sysmakes no difference whether male or fe- tem of bathing has its good points, and male, is furnished with a peignoir, which neither, if properly carried out, need

In comparing the conditions under foot; this sheet the bather leaves on the which the people of the two continents shore on entering the water, and wraps bathe, it is impossible to speak in a genaround him again before returning to his eral way of the customs at the various bath-house. Unfortunately, however, resorts with perfect exactness, because these white robes scarcely convey the idea each differs enough from its fellows to give it a distinct individuality of its own. oped in a loose, white gown, each bather Beginning at the upper resorts along the coast-line of Europe, we find at Scheveningen the quaint wind-chair, which conand falls with the tide, in America, on sists of wickerwork made in the shape the other hand, the bath-houses have all of a huge peanut shell hollowed out on been built on the beach, far enough from one side. As a result, the beach, covered the water to prevent their being reached with these chairs, presents an appearby the highest tides; in consequence, the ance which is characteristic of this place American bather, separated sometimes alone. The bath-house here has a ventihundreds of yards from the water, has lating space around its top which gives a made his bath a public one, for he must freshness to the air in its interior, which dress to meet the gaze of the crowd on is woefully lacking in other bathing-machines. The surf and beach, too, at this As the American bath is supposed to be Dutch resort are excellent, making it a public and the European bath private, first-class bathing place. At many other the people of each continent have carried resorts there are similar distinctive out their own ideas as to dress and con-sights; thus near the beach at Saint-Malo duct; and, as is often the case, each se- is a remarkable rolling bridge, which at cretly looks upon the bath arrangements high tide seems to move through the of the other in horror. American bath- water in the most mysterious manner; ing has the reputation abroad of being but at low water it gives up its secret, for very bold and exposing, while French the track upon which it rolls is visible.



MOVING BRIDGE AT SAINT-MALO: HIGH WATER



ELEVEN O'CLOCK, ON THE BEACH AT TROUVILLE

This is a characteristic sight of Saint- sembles either one of these types, unless Malo alone.

At Ostend, probably the finest European sea-shore resort, the beach and surf are excellent, while the great walk and built on a great platform high above the sea-wall which stretches along between sea. The bathing here is done from machines In parts of Wales, the sexes bathe tothat are rolled into the surf after the bather starts to prepare for his dip. At Boulogne-sur-Mer the beach too is excellent, the general suggestion being of Ostend, while at Malo-les-Bains many of. the houses are built permanently on the sand. In fact, there are two types of bath-houses; where the beach is sloping and sandy, the bathing van on wheels is used; where the beach is steep or stony, and consequently the water reaches nearly always to the same point, or it is impossible to roll a van, the bath-houses conform closely to the American type. The places near Ostend have the bathingmachines on wheels, while those near Etretat and Trouville, further west on the coast, are permanent. The bathing at Trouville resembles the American method closer than does that of any other resort, while the bathing at Etretat, especially after a storm, is tiresome and dangerous.

On the Mediterranean the bathing re-

it be at such special spots as the Lido at Venice, where a great bathing place has grown up in which the bath-houses are The same lack of resemblance is the town and the sea are magnificent. found in English and American bathing.



MOVING BRIDGE AT SAINT-MALO: LOW WATER.



KING'S PALACE, AND THE BEACH AT OSTEND.

gether; in England, they bathe separagansett Pier from that of Spring Lake. so with the male American bather, it is

To meet the requirements of a public rately; on the Isle of Man, a man ven- bath, the average American bather is turing on the grounds set apart for the clothed from his neck to his knees. The women at bathing hour is liable to arrest. American suit for the male bather con-In America, it is the same way. The sists generally of a Jersey shirt with flanbathing at Martha's Vineyard differs nel trousers, or else of a flannel suit in from that of Atlantic City; that at Nar- one piece, belted at the waist. If this is

> still more so with the American woman. The proper suit for her consists of a garment similar in cut to the one-garment suit of the man, over which is worn a skirt which should reach at least to the knees. Stockings are, of course, as indispensable to the woman bather in America as they are in ordinary life.

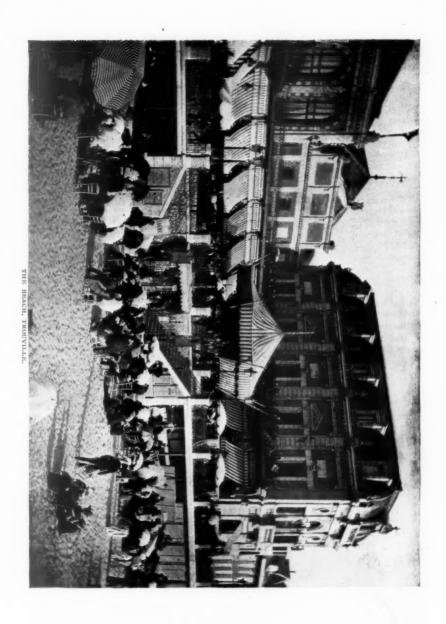
> In considering the European types of bathers, we find that they narrow down to two classes, English and French. All continental nations, of course, bathe, but the bathers of these two nations are found in so much greater numbers that any comparison is naturally limited to them. The other continental nations imitate closely the French in their bathing customs.

> The French bathing-suit is more like the American than the English, because the French permit "mixed bathing," that is, the bath-ing of men and women together. The skirt on the Frenchwoman's



TYPICAL BATHING SCENE.





suit, however, exists more in courtesy than in fact, not averaging more than six inches in length from the belt, while the trouser leg, if the male observer is permitted to speak of such articles of apparel, usually reaches to within a few inches of the ankle, while stockings are not worn at all. Sandals, however,

being rarely seen.

without the slightest pretension to fit, as Brighton or Barmouth. and hangs like a gaudy meal bag from



A BATHING-HOUSE OFFICE.

utation for bold dressing and conduct, which has followed them to the seashore, but which in my experience, one including nearly all of the continental resorts, they do not deserve. The visitor who goes to Trouville or Ostend expecting to see bathing scenes or costumes and be shocked, will be,

commonly complete the costume. The as a rule, disappointed. Of course, he material of the suit is generally dark in may see here and there costumes and color and heavy in texture; that abomi- conduct which are open to criticism, but nation of abominations, the white suit, French bathers look for the most part simply unpicturesque, clumsy, and unat-The Frenchman's suit is made in one tractive in the water. We will find far piece of some thin material, striped in more to criticize at Atlantic City, or more gayest shades of red and blue; it is made especially at the English resorts, such

To observers who have been deeply imthe shoulders. As far as colors go, the pressed by the fine dressing of the French Frenchman is the butterfly of the two, and their attention to their toilet, this but neither sex look in the water like lack of beauty and general fitness shown anything but guys. This is a surprise in their bathing-suits may be a surprise and shock to those Americans who have at first sight, but a little study of the heard so much of the beautiful but risqué attitude of the French toward bathing bathing costumes of the French watering will show the reasons for it. In the resorts. The French have acquired a rep- first place, the French, as a nation,



THE PIER AT OSTEND.





WIND-CHAIRS AT SCHEVENINGEN.

are not lovers of ocean bathing; there have not been able to adapt the chic are no great crowds seen in the water at styles of Parisian lingerie to the gartend or Trouville during the bathing pointment of the American tourist. hours represents a large proportion of the population of the place at the time, prob- the visitor finds many pleasant improve-

upon bathing as a frolic, not as a regular of charging for each thing separately, the

pastime or daily habit, but something to be done when one is feeling in the best of spirits, as one would wear a mask and throw confetti. Having accepted it as a frolic to be indulged in occasionally, they are willing to take, in the way of costumes, whatever the local bath-house keepers have in stock. As these bathhouse keepers are generally retired sea-captains or fisher-women, they

any of the French resorts, such as we find ments which they turn out. Hence, for at Asbury Park or Atlantic City. Of once, the Frenchwoman loses all her course, it is simply an estimate; but as- style, and, marvelous to relate, apparsuming that the crowd on the beach at Os- ently forgets it, too, much to the disap-

In taking a bath at Trouville or Ostend, ably not over ten or fifteen per cent. bathe. ments in bath-house management, and as The real reason, however, for these many grave deficiencies. In the first wretched suits is that the French look place, according to the European custom



SCHEVENINGEN AT BATH HOUR.

tume costing twenty-five centimes, and a after a bath in the rather cold waters of bathing-box at thirty-five centimes. If the English Channel. the place is very fashionable, the charges 
The French have developed the idea of are less. A baigneur, or bathing-master, until now it is hard to see a group bath-can be hired for timid bathers for forty ing, in the midst of which cannot be seen

bath-house keeper permits the bather to ger of cracking his skull or the walls of have as many or as few luxuries as he the van; so each style has corresponding feels he can afford; he can bathe in a cab- disadvantages. One excellent custom inet de luxe, which is a large van near which the French have adopted is that of the surf, for two francs; he can do without placing hot water in each bather's van a towel, if he wishes to save ten centimes; while he is bathing. Unless one has he can omit the peignoir, which costs fif- tried it before, it is surprising how refreshteen centimes; but he must have a cos- ing and pleasurable is the feel of hot water

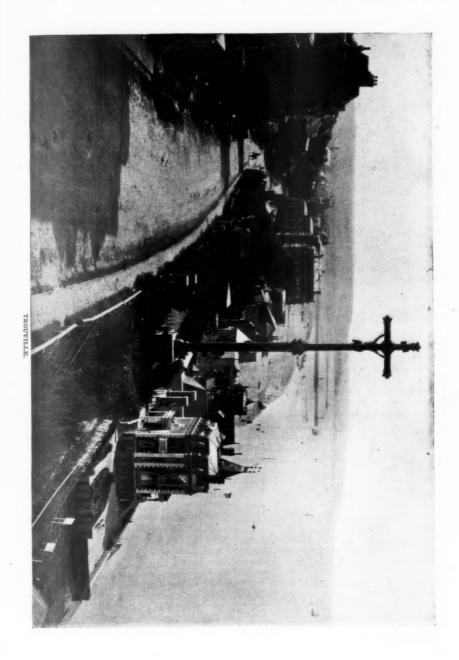
are more than these; if unassuming, they a bathing-master to an extreme extent,



THE BEACH AT LOW TIDE, OSTEND.

centimes. To accommodate the average the dark blue or black clothes and hat of visitor, however, the bathing-house keep- the baigneur. He is properly used at ers now issue a ticket calling for a "bain such places as Étretat, when the surf is complet," which includes all these charges pounding the beach with the greatest feexcept the bathing-master.

rocity and force. Under these circum-As the men and women use different sets stances, he is an absolute necessity for of houses, those of the men at least are the women and children, but he is also apt to be rather flimsy if stationary. Gen- used in the mildest of surfs and the shalerally, a slight wooden frame covered with lowest of waters. It is an amusing sight canvas serves as a house. When it is a to see a fastidious Parisian belle at Troubathing-machine it is somewhat better; ville, in her ungainly bathing-suit, clingbut as the bathing-master is very prone ing to this stalwart black figure in water to hitch his horse to the box and drag it scarcely a foot deep, while he stands as into deeper water while the prospective immovable and unimpressionable as a bather is undressing, he is generally flagstaff. He is so solemn and silent; thrown off his legs, to the imminent dan- she is so kittenish and alarmed. No pic-





BATHS AT TREPORT.

other hour.

ture of a French shore at bathing hour is ican visitor was feeling chilly in medium complete without this ill-mated couple. weight flannels. Therefore, there is no The bathing is confined, at the major- such annual hejira seen in Europe as is ity of European resorts, largely to the customary with us every summer. The morning hours, although as a rule it is great mass of the European population more scattered than in America. For ex- never think of going to the sea-shore, or ample, at Ostend bathers can be found if they do go, they look upon it in the during the season in the water from eight light of a most extravagant luxury. Euin the morning until luncheon time. It ropeans will never reach the position of is no uncommon thing to see large parties the citizens of our larger American cities, of summer residents at these resorts bathe to whom a summer spent out of town as early as eight o'clock, a custom which seems to be an absolute necessity. Conwith us is confined principally to ser- sequently, the dressing of the men and vants and those who can bathe at no women at the European resorts is never as summery and light as is found in Amer-The European rarely experiences in his ica. On the continent, whenever the summer such protracted spells of hot, summer visitor attempts to change his dry weather as is found in America. The costume to suit the conditions he finds at hotel-keepers at the various continental the sea-shore, he adopts the old-fashioned resorts last summer could not realize white flannel suit which was once worn that their American brethren were reap- in this country, with the strangest of ing the harvests which result from such stiff, little, straw hats with the highest of weather, for the entire summer in Europe crowns and the narrowest of brims; the everywhere was cold and rainy. This white duck trousers and dark blue coats amount of steady rain was unusual, even of English and American resorts are for Europe; but despite this fact, the rarely, if ever, seen. Nor have the London papers frequently complained of French women, as a rule, adopted the intense heat at a time when every American simple white costumes which are so appropriate at the seashore. Dressed in heavy silks and velvets, they have not learned to adapt themselves to the conditions which surround them. The French man at the sea-shore looks shabby, awkward, and out of place; the French woman looks graceful, stylish, and out of place.

The children play in the sand far more than they do in America; at low water at Ostend it is possible to see frequently hun-

pean resorts.



A FAMILY PARTY.

dreds of children building forts, digging the various continental resorts is the trenches, and splashing in the water. great number of English visitors. The The children rarely bathe there, but de- sea-shore resorts of Europe have not yet vote their energies to digging and wad- attracted the attention of the average ing, their clothes being fastened up in American tourist; those Americans who loosely fitting swimming tights. No- are sufficiently advanced to recognize where do children seem to enjoy them- their attractions, are generally cosmoselves more than they do at these Euro- politan enough to keep their national peculiarities in check. They do not want One of the most prominent features of to kill the landlord if they find no ice-



BATHING AT ARROMANCHE.

order their wines as though they were passes unnoticed in the throng. giving orders for the building of a steamrace at Trouville, is complete without its coterie of solemn visaged, somber-hued English people, who look upon the scene as one would gaze into a den of a newly

water at table d'hôte, and they do not casional half concealed mannerism, he

The greatest charm about the French yacht. So the English tourists hold resorts, of which England and America their own as the sightseers of these re- know nothing, is the outdoor home-life sorts. No mask ball at Ostend, no horse- of the summer residents, if one can use such a term. At Trouville, restaurant after restaurant is scattered along the beach, at which are found groups of French people eating and drinking. Even discovered species of animal, with about the entertainments are all open air, not as much sympathy or common interest. excepting the music-halls and the small



SEA-WALL AND WALK, OSTEND.

tact and adaptability, hate the English, who come over to their resorts and treat them as freaks of nature, to be criticized, to be stared at, but never to be taken seriously. The Englishman at the French watering resorts is anxious to see everything, to know everything, but he is still more desirous of impressing every one with the fact that he is irretrievably English. On the other hand, the Frenchman is rarely seen at an English resort; when he is found there, he speaks good English and betrays no ignorance of the cus-

It is no wonder that the French, with theaters; in everything, the Frenchman their quick sensibilities, their instinctive lives at Trouville in the open air. Trouville, like Brighton, is a place for the people, having degenerated from its former position as the queen of fashionable resorts; but the same customs exist among the higher classes. Ostend is a much more beautiful and fashionable spot than Trouville, but it is the same there. Every handsome house on that magnificent walk which sweeps along the edge of the sea at Ostend opens out its great windows to the light and air, and here at the front window at meal-time can be found the various families eating and drinking almost in toms of the place, and, except for an oc-direct contact with the passer-by. The



· PHONAGE



THE PIER AT TROUVILLE.

it is possible to see the whole of Ostend dining.

Another pleasant feature about the French sea-shore places is the manner in which they have developed their evening life. At the majority of the English and American resorts the people find that time hangs heavy on their hands at night. A stroll on the beach, or a hop at one of the hotels constitutes about all the amusement that can be found after dark

at these places. As the large proportion selves are a nation of actors. of the summer population is middle-aged, The casino must contain a very coma stroll on the beach, or even a dance in a modious restaurant, and a large, open crowded ball-room does not always appear space where the band can play. This the most attractive of enjoyments. Con- space is utilized from time to time as a sequently, the English and American ball-room, but its importance in this re-

hotels have adopted the same system, and pater- and mater-familias find things deit is possible for the visitor to change his cidedly slow when dusk begins to fall. relation and become the observed of that The French know better than this. The great string of miscellaneous humanity first thing put up at a new continental which makes its headquarters at Ostend resort is a large casino. To the Ameriduring the summer. It is an attractive can mind this means simply a large sight to walk down this digue, or sea-wall, dance-hall, with, if the space permits, at six o'clock; it seems as if the fronts of one or two small reading- or card-rooms; all the houses have been taken off, and but in France, the middle-aged have not

allowed themselves to be so completely suppressed as they have been in America, and consequently a large part of the casino is occupied by a cozy little theater where the latest dainty in the way of opera bouffe can be given from time to time by accomplished Parisian actors, for these performances are not of a catch-penny order, every detail in the production being carried out carefully, as the French them-



A WRECK AT TROUVILLE.

original purpose of a place where all great mass of French people are wretched dancers. At the height of the season at Ostend last summer, in a crowd of at least five hundred dancers, I saw but two people who could waltz. On inquiry, I found the man to be an American, while his partner was half English and half French. The dancing at no country ballcould have been poorer than at this great fancy-dress carnival, while the majority of the costumes were most unbecoming and awkwardly worn. As to the rest of the casino, it is generally given up to reading-rooms and smoking-rooms.

Another amusement for the middleaged, which has been developed of recent years, is the racing of horses: at Trouville, especially, there is a very important race-track. Here, for a week in August, are run some of the greatest races in Europe. The town is crowded with all degrees of sports, from the millionaire try, according to American ideas, than owner down to the smallest stable boy, each one of whom having, for the time dred feet away.

spect is kept strictly secondary to its being, a mutual interest. The moving factor in this meeting is a curious develcan gather to enjoy the music and their opment of the English jockey. These ices. Contrary to general impression, the men seem to have escaped all notice in descriptions of English life; while they are Englishmen, they speak French almost as Frenchmen, and they have adapted themselves to the conditions found on the continent to an extraordinary degree. It is a curious sight to see a cockney Englishman of this class, clad in riding breeches and high top boots, glibly talking in French, with French gestures and grimaces, to that motley crowd which gathers in the bar-room of the lower class continental hotels.

Another sport which is growing into great popularity at these French resorts is bicycle racing. These contests are by no means confined to male riders, for women are eligible to many of them. In their short, tightly fitting, white knickerbockers, sailor hats with heavy, white veils, and white kid gloves, they present an appearance more typical of the coundo the bathers in the water a few hun-



BATHING SCENCE AT OSTEND.



By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

HE who would start and rise
Before the crowing cocks,—
No more he lifts his eyes,
Whoever knocks.

He who before the stars

Would call the cattle home,—
They wait about the bars

For him to come.

Him, at whose hearty calls

The farmstead woke again,
The horses in their stalls

Expect in vain.

Busy, and blithe, and bold He labored for the morrow; The plow his hands would hold Rusts in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,

His orchards cool and dim;

The clods he used to cleave

Now cover him.

But the green, growing things
Lean kindly to his sleep;
White roots and wandering strings—
Closer they creep.

Because he loved them long
And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
About his heart.





THE GOLDEN GATE: RECOGNITION DAY.

## THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

THE nearest realization of democracy Chautauqua—which are now scattered which I have witnessed during a broadcast over the continent between the residence of a quarter of a century in the Atlantic and the Pacific.

United States is the Chautauqua movement. Nowhere will a man find a heartier recognition of his human worth, apart from social advantages, church connections, or political affiliations than at Chautauqua. There rank, wealth, and competitive rivalries appear to be forgotten, and men and women meet, without affectation or constraint, on a broad basis of human fellowship. It is this remarkable phenomenon which first and last impresses me whenever I visit the various "assemblies "-offshoots of



BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

I had been told so often, that I had come to believe it, that the glaring inequalities which manifest themselves in our social and economic relations were inherent in our nature, and therefore to be accepted as unalterable and final. In a certain sense that may be true; for inequality of mental equipment is bound to produce inequality in station. But need the mere fact that I am richer than you, or cleverer than you, or more learned than you, exclude the possibility of sympathy, understanding, and helpful

that most social philosophers maintain and honorable to both." that it does. I was myself inclined to agree with them. But three summers' experience at various Chautauqua assemblies, both in the east and the west, has convinced me that I was in error. Nowhere have I met men and women of more various creeds and callings, and discovered under the various denominational and professional shells the sweet kernel of a warm and true humanity.

The realization of this idea of human brotherhood was, in a sense, the aim and object of Chautaugua. The founder, Mr. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, in whose mind the scheme originated, writes in his preface to Bishop Vincent's book on "The Chautauqua Movement":

"The great want of humanity is recognition. The men of trade, factory, or field need the association of the theorist and the professions; the theorist and the professions need contact with the arts and the artisan. . . . . The national spirit, as it gathers strength and greatness, should be to come nearer and care more for the common citizen.'

Bishop Vincent, to whom belongs the honor of elaborating this noble project and contributing toward its success, emand poor, learned and unlearned, into week of July, and, like the spectator in the

intercourse between us? I am aware neighborhood and comradeship, helpful

I confess it seemed to me a very Utopian scheme when I first heard of it, and I associated it mentally with such social experiments as that of Robert Owen at New Harmony, foredoomed to failure, because ignoring some of the fundamental traits of our common nature. Particularly were my academic prejudices aroused by the proposal to crowd a miscellaneous university curriculum into a summer vacation of six or seven weeks, supplemented by correspondence and home reading. How could anything but shallowness and pretentious superficiality result from such cramming, alternating with unsystematic browsing along the edges of the arts and sciences? That much abused saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" occurred to me, and I felt confident that experience would in this case demonstrate its soundness. In the light of later knowledge I am bound to admit that experience played me false, and that I was compelled to revise a multitude of preconceived notions.

In the summer of 1889, I was invited to deliver a course of lectures at Chautauqua, and I accepted half in the spirit phasizes the same note: "The full-orbed of adventure, being unwilling to forgo Chautauqua idea," he says, "must the chance of witnessing with my own awaken in all genuine souls a fresh en- eyes so interesting an experiment. I acthusiasm in true living, and bring rich cordingly put in an appearance in the last

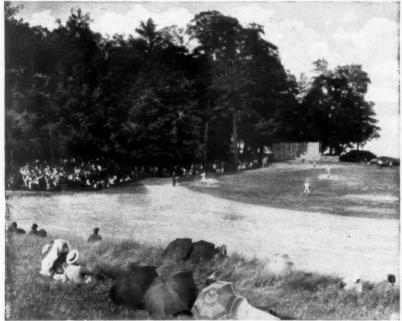


EPWORTH LEAGUE OF BAY VIEW, AND ASSEMBLY.

prologue to "Faust," I composed myself, solemn strains of a hymn rose in the still "with curious evebrows raised sedately there, and hoped to be amazed."

Amazed I was, too; but not in the way I had expected. Through a narrow gate which admits but one at a time, I enclosure gently sloping toward Lake Its germinating nucleus was a "pro-Chautauqua. Here, scattered among the tracted Sunday-school institute held in trees of the primeval forest, lay an extem- the woods." Its first object was "to of cross between the two, consisting of of Christianity." Antagonistic schools

sunlight, and presently loud, beseeching voices of prayer and praise. This, somehow, struck the key-note of the place. I was forcibly reminded of the fact, as stated by Bishop Vincent, that the Chauwas ushered into a large and picturesque tauqua movement was of religious origin. porized city of cottages, tents, and a kind bring science and literature to the support



AMUSEMENT AFTER THE LECTURE.

large, white-painted hotel,-" The Athenæum,"—which has rather a more substantial character. Rustic bridges spanned a ravine overgrown with hemlock and leafy underbrush, and on the bluff overlooking the lake a great, barn-like structure, called the College of Liberal Arts, seemed to be the goal toward which a straggling procession of men and wom-

wooden sheds with canvas extensions. of thought, instead of dodging and revil-It was all in the lightest and most inex- ing each other, were brought face to face pensive style, with the exception of a and confronted in friendly discussion. "Denominational lines were almost entirely obliterated; people of all churches were invited to participate, . . . . The utmost good feeling prevailed. For," says this great-hearted Methodist, "true denominationalism is catholic; and he who loves his own wisely is likely to love others generously."

It was in 1874 that this noble thought en were directing their steps. From an first took shape, and it has since then unpretentious chapel, half hidden among ramified and expanded in the most surthe boughs of maple and hickory, the prising manner. If science elucidates



BISHOP VINCENT'S COTTAGE

the Bible and confirms the teachings of Christianity, then each has much to gain and nothing to fear from juxtaposition with the other. Secular education then becomes one of the chief concerns of the church. The manifestations of God in nature and in the Word cannot by any possibility contradict each other; and if ers, and philosophers from all over the rebounding wave, rushes toward him, fills

world, and requested them to present, without reserve, the results of their studies to the vast audiences which gather every summer in the amphitheater by the

lake.

Of clergymen, the most eminent of all denominations are selected without reference to creed; but among scientists and philosophers, as far as I can judge, only those have been chosen whose attitude toward Christianity is one of acceptance or acquiescence. Men like Agassiz, Mivart, Drummond represent the class which would be and has been welcomed at Chautauqua, while I doubt if as cordial a reception would be accorded to men like Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, or Spencer. On the other hand, the fact that the School of Biblical Study is under the charge of President W. R. Harper, of the Chicago University, is sufficient evidence of the spirit of absolute sincerity and unsectarian liberalism which animates the leaders of Chautauqua.

To address a Chautauqua audience is an experience which no one who has had it is likely to forget. The lecture, no matter what is its subject, is usually preluded by a voluntary on an enormous organ that occupies one wall of the great amphitheater, the seating capacity of which is about seven thousand. It requires lungs as strong as the organ bellows to make oneself heard for a full hour in this wide, open edifice, unenclosed on three sides, under whose roof the sparrows fly to and fro during the lecture, and the audience, if the speaker fails to please to the superficial vision they appear to do them, get up and straggle toward the outer so, a deeper knowledge will be sure to re- benches, whence they silently vanish into veal a deeper harmony. This is the bold the woods. If, on the other hand, the lecstand taken by the leaders of Chautauqua, turer succeeds in holding the attention of and in conformity to it they have invited, this vast assemblage, the inaudible but year by year, renowned scientists, preach- yet perceptible response which, like a

> him with a sensation which fairly lifts him off his feet. It is not pride, not gratified vanity, but an intense delight in the power to move, and arouse, and quicken other human minds, and above all, the consciousness of having established a relation of new and sympathetic intelligence: for it would surely seem at first blush, as if the thing was impossible to achieve, at all events, for any one but a preacher, who has the advantage of appealing to sentiments which abide in every human breast.



LEWIS MILLER



THE TENNIS COURTS.

But suppose your topic is literature-say the English, the French, or the German novel. How can you possibly expect that rural-looking couple who sit with folded hands and upturned faces, r ght in front of you, to be interested in George Eliot, or Daudet, or Gustav Freytag? A desperate sinking sensation takes possession of you, and you would like to make your escape through a back door. But there comes the serene, benevolent Bishop, who tried your organs of speech an hour ago, and declared that, if you had a voice which could fill the Chautauqua amphitheater, it vas safe to take your brains for granted.

The organ stops its melodious rear and the Bishop makes a dozen announcements, whereupon follows a brief, complimentary introduction. The unhappy orator makes his bow and is confronted with a sea of

waste of energy. Unless you possess the faculty of pouring forth your very soul in fluent and easily comprehended speech, half or three-fourths of your audience will have evaporated before you have finished. But if your personality is sympatheticif there is vital breath and power in your words, it is marvelous how readily you are comprehended.

Every lecturer has an instant perception of the impression he is making. If he talks to unheeding ears, the crowd of cold faces will rise like a gray stone wall before him, and a veritable chill will waft from them toward him. If, on the other hand, he touches a responsive chord, its vibration will swiftly fill the space, and in its reflex action reach him.

Never in all my experience have I found a more delightfully intelligent and sympathetic audience than at the various Chautauqua assemblies. In the first place, to these people information, science, learning is a precious thing, the opportunity to secure which has cost them many a sacrifice. Many of them are middle-aged men and women who have left their shops, or stores, or farms in charge of a friend or relative, while they employ their hard-earned vacation expectant faces. If he has a manuscript in gathering knowledge which is to lift and expects to use it, he is a lost man. their lives and serve them for thought To read a lecture to such a multitude is a and discussion during the remainder of



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN HEADQUARTERS.

teachers from nearly every state in the whatever is offered them; but discrimieasily find himself outstripped by schol- recitals, chorus societies, public readings,

ars who do not possess half his erudition.

It is the spirit of the man, no less than his accomplishments, which determines his failure or success. If there is vital force in him; if he is capable of forgetting himself in his work; if he is imbued with that human fellow - feeling for his kind which seeks and values the real core of the personality. without reference to

tages or disadvantages, he will find himself in his element at Chautauqua. He will discover a new meaning in the word "American." If he has been a dweller in great cities, and amid the frightful municipal corruption has been inclined to despair of democracy, he will have all his fears set at rest. He will be convinced that the great American people is both sufficiently intelligent and sufficiently moral to supply a safe foundation to the republic for centuries to come. Nowhere else have I had such a vivid sense of contact and acquaintance with what is really and truly American. The national physiognomy was defined to

the year. It is not, primarily, entertain- me as never before; and I saw that it was ment they seek-but mental improve- not only instinct with intelligence, earment. A goodly proportion are school-nestness, and indefatigable aspiration, but that it revealed a strong affinity for all Union, who have come because they feel that makes for righteousness and the the deficiency of their education, and are elevation of the race. The confident opanxious to keep abreast of the science and timism regarding the future which this literature of the age. They are by no discovery fostered was not the least boon means uncritical in their acceptance of I carried away with me from Chautauqua.

To give an idea of the manifold activinate with great readiness between pretenties which are carried on during the six tious shallowness and trained maturity weeks' session of the assembly would be of thought and judgment. Professor impossible within the compass of a mag-Dryasdust will, with all his learning, azine article. Besides the concerts, organ

> and illustrated and unillustrated lectures,-which several times a day gather audiences of various sizes in the amphitheater,-there are continual exercises and uninterrupted class work of a purely pedagogic kind in the College of Liberal Arts. This is not, as it has been represented to be, a condensed university curriculum, but is designed for the assistance of students, young and



factitious advan- the model of palestine and the pier house. old, who are ambi-

efficient, and the students accomplished have come to me in response to my arti-

tious for culture, but whose position de- monthly magazine-The Chautauquanbars them from the privilege of attending ably edited by the Reverend Theodore L. a regular university. Every one takes Flood, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, conup the study in which he or she is most tains programs of the prescribed reading interested, and obtains from competent for each month, beside a great deal of eninstructors all the guidance required to tertaining and instructive matter bearing carry on independent study during the upon the subjects of study. In contriburemainder of the year. I watched this ting to this magazine I have often had a work with great interest, and can testify sensation like that of Puck, putting a that it is by no means of a flimsy and girdle about the earth in forty minutes. superficial character. The linguistic in- I have had a most vivid sense of commustruction, for instance, both in ancient nicating with the antipodes; for many and modern languages, was extremely a time letters with unfamiliar stamps



were at their disposal.

Supplementary to their College of Lib-Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which now embraces over one hundred thousand readers, and has branches in well-nigh every city in the Union.

an amazing amount in the six weeks that cles-from Sumatra, China, Persia, and Australia.

There is something extremely fascinaeral Arts is the famous C. L. S. C.—the ting in this idea of the annihilation of space and all the artificial barriers which ignorance and superstition in former times interposed between man and man. To think that from the insignificant little Nay, even to Japan (where there are over town of Plainfield, New Jersey, a vast a thousand members), and to China, In- network of spiritual influence is thrown dia, Bulgaria, Persia, Syria, Mexico, and out which actually encompasses the Central America, it has extended its influglobe. Every one who cooperates in the ence by establishing local reading circles; Chautauqua work becomes a radiating and in Russia, France, England, Scotland, focus of beneficent power, spreading with Ireland, and the Sandwich islands there countless ramifications in all directions. are scattered members whose studies are His thought, striking some congenial guided by correspondence with the cen- soul in Borneo, or Tonquin, or Cape tral office in Plainfield, New Jersey. A Town, is woven mysteriously into the



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

CONGREGATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

perhaps potently, its destiny.

spreading the blessings of education, it purposes." might seem that in this direction very little remains to be done. But this is an egregious error.

In the first place, a vast deal of aptitude goes to waste, all over the country, for want of a little guidance; and in supwhich is but imperfectly filled by the notice.

very stuff of that alien life, and affects, churches and the social life which clusters about them. Youths having nothing I once told Bishop Vincent (who is the to do in leisure hours indulge in vicious director and presiding genius of all Chau- conduct from sheer empty-headedness taugua work), that he seemed to me one and ennui. Here the Chautaugua Readof the most formidable men of the age, ing Circle steps in and supplies the If you were to sum up all the intangible needed interest. It costs next to nothvalues of the influence which he exerts, ing to belong to it, and every one who directly and indirectly, through the nu- gives evidence of a desire to benefit merous channels of all Chautauqua insti- by its work is heartily welcomed. The tutions, I venture to say that my asser- most democratic spirit prevails in a tion would strike no one as paradoxical. mutual helpfulness which stimulates the For every person thus reached becomes backward and furnishes the vacant brain in his or her sphere a fresh focus of in- with useful and uplifting subjects of fluence; and every life that is lifted out thought. "It is," says Bishop Vincent, of the mere narrow routine of the strug- "a school for people out of school, who gle for bread, will lift in its turn scores can no longer attend school, a college for of others. To us of the great eastern every one's home, and leads to the dedicities, where countless agencies exist for cation of every-day life to educational

And it is not only the young who are welcomed. The middle-aged and the old are by no means excluded. It is, in fact, quite pathetic to meet (as has frequently been my experience) some toil-worn mother of grown-up sons and daughters, plying this guidance Chautauqua has who sits in her kitchen poring over a availed itself of a great and fertile oppor- primer of history or geology, and extunity. Secondly, every dweller in an claiming every now and then with de-American village or county is oppressed light at the novelty of the facts which at times with a certain dreary vacuity, are now for the first time brought to her incompatible with the true spirit of scholarship." exclaims my academic pedant. mathematics, and withhold the elevating truths of geology and physics from all except those who are able to penetrate determined their selection. into their deeper mysteries? And as repose would be served in depriving her of the delight which even a superficial

"Flimsiness! Superficiality! Utterly and the whole plane of her mind will be gradually raised.

I am speaking, not from hearsay or What can the old woman ever learn of from inference in making this declarahistory or geology but the most trivial tion, but from personal experience. I smattering? Well, granted that she will freely confess that there are text-books in never become a savant! Are we, then, the Chautauqua course which I do not to discourage all partial and incomplete like, and which (from my point of view) acquirements? Are we to conceal the convey misinformation, or information beauties of astronomy from all except colored by religious prejudice. However, those who have mastered the higher I am far from setting up my opinion as an infallible one, and I do not question that the most conscientious judgment has

Among the sixty or seventy offshoots gards this old woman, what good pur- of Chautauqua which during July and August carry on a similar work in different parts of the country, the summer asknowledge bestows? Life will become semblies at Lake Monona, Wisconsin, more significant to her on account of this and Bay View, Michigan, are of particusmattering of learning; her mind will be lar interest. All the essential features of furnished with nobler themes of reflection the parent institution are, as far as posthan the petty gossip of her neighbor- sible, retained, and the same half-pathetic hood, and she will be a more intelligent hunger for knowledge is everywhere apand, I venture to say, happier and more parent. The Bay View assembly, which dignified person than she was before. meets in July and August, at the ex-She will acquire a larger outlook on life, treme northern end of Lake Michigan,

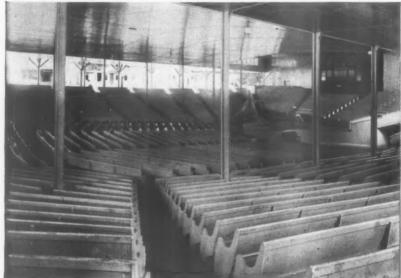


RECOGNITION DAY AT CHAUTAUQUA.

covers several hundred acres of unen-resist the inference that they are better attractive, though very primitive. Plain phia, or Chicago. living and high thinking is the rule, American literature are duly honored. The author who has lived in his little clique in New York, and who twice a year after the receipt of his publishers' copyright statements, has grown cynical and distrustful of human nature, will discover with a delightful surprise that these school-teachers, business men, wives, and artisans know in general what he has done or attempted to do, and have a tolerably fair estimate of his personality and the value of his work. Many of them have read his books, some of them, in their reading circles or women's clubs, and have written papers on them, discussed and

closed forest land, through which broad read and more vitally interested in things avenues are cut, lined with cheap, of the mind than people of the correbright-painted cottages. It is all very sponding station in New York, Philadel-

I verily doubt if one person in a thouand the Sybarite will do well to stay sand realizes what a tremendous agency away. The people are excellent, hearty, for the dissemination of knowledge this intelligent, and display the liveliest great Chautauqua movement is. One interest in all matters pertaining to day last summer, as I was strolling science and letters. As at Chautauqua, through the woods on the outskirts of the cottages are named after Longfellow, the Bay View assembly grounds, I fell Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, into conversation with a shabby-looking, etc.; and, in fact, all the great names in little, old woman who was cooking dinner for her family on an improvised hearth of stones in front of her cottage. I had not talked with her long before discovering that she was an enthusiast on astronomy. She had also picked up a great deal of miscellaneous information on geology. "That nebulous business," she remarked, in the course of our talk, "did pester me awfully. For a long while I didn't see how it could be made to gee with the Scriptures. And it was mighty pesky business, too, to fit them six days of creation into any sort of scheme that would hold water. It was like buttin' yer head against a stone wall. debated them, and formed their own con- But, I tell ye, I heard a sermon, the other clusions. Truth to tell, it is difficult to day, by a mighty smart man-I guess he



THE AMPHITHEATER



CREW OF THE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

was a parable, he said, like the Prodigal Son, and wasn't never meant to be taken, in any sense, except figgerative."

The scientific instruction at Bay View, which is in the hands of prominent professors from eastern and western universities, is not conducted only by lectures: there are chemical and physical laboratories equipped with the simplest and most indispensable apparatus, where the student may pursue, under competent guidance, a course of practical experiments. He does not profess, in the brief six weeks which are at his disposal, to become an expert; but he does derive a powerful stimulus for future work, enabling him to continue his study during the remainder of the year with such additional aid as can be derived from correspondence with the professor.

Of the Teachers' Retreat, the Epworth League, the School of Theology, the School of Fine Arts, the Kindergarten, and the various other institutions clustering about a well equipped Drawn by Harry Fenn. Chautauqua assembly, I have

was from Boston-and he said them six not at present the space to speak. They days meant six periods. He made it all are supplementary to the great scheme jist as plain as the nose on your face. of work for enlarging and broadening Didn't he talk beautiful, though! And the view of life, for furnishing men-I tell ve, it was a big relief to me. It tal and moral stimulus, for lifting the



VIEW FROM AN HOTEL PIAZZA.



FLOWER GIRLS AT LUNCH.

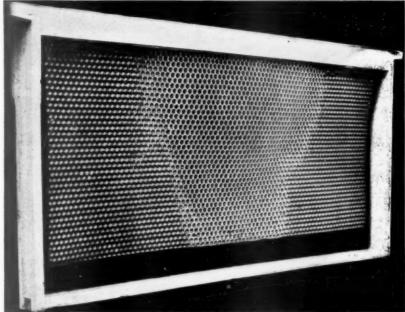
lives of their members to a higher plane. blest and be The Chautauqua movement is now civilization.

twenty years old, and accordingly far beyond the stage of experiment. Its phenomenal success is, no doubt, primarily due to the fact that it fills a great and vital want in the life of the American people. But in a scarcely lesser degree is it due to the noble spirit of human brotherhood and love which animates its founders and 'promoters. In eliminating all thought of personal aggrandizement, and lifting their enterprise above denominational rivalry into the upper air of human and Christian fellowship, they found a platform broad enough for all to stand upon, and could confidently appeal to all, without danger of arousing the passions that sunder and divide. In doing this they have made the whole nation their debtors, for their work is in the noblest and broadest sense the work of



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL HEADQUARTERS.



COMB FOUNDATION UPON WHICH BEES HAVE BEGUN TO WORK.

## THE PLEASANT OCCUPATION OF TENDING BEES.

THE COMPLETED STORY OF THE BEE AND HIS PRODUCT, MANAGEMENT OF SWARMS, EXTRACTING HONEY, WINTERING AND ARRANGEMENT OF APIARIES, AND OTHER DETAILS OF THIS INTERESTING OCCUPATION.

By W. Z. HUTCHINSON.

honey, but it is a mistake to suppose that beeswax is of vegetable origin; it is as truly an animal secretion as is tallow. All through the working season, when the bees are handling and consuming large quantities of honey, more or less wax is secreted and exudes, in the shape of tiny, white scales, from between the segments composing the body of each bee. for comb-building, as when a swarm is festoons. As warmth, quietness, dark-

 ${
m M}^{
m ANY}$  suppose that wax is gathered by the bees the same as they gather to the secretion of large quantities of wax. The flakes of wax are scraped off with the feet and carried to the mouth, where they are masticated with a salivary secretion, thus imparting the ductility necessary to their use in comb-building. The wax having been secreted and properly prepared, little pellets of the plastic material are attached to the roof of the hive, or to the under side of the top bars if the hive When large quantities of wax are needed is of the movable comb style. One bee follows another, each adding her pittance first hived, the bees fill themselves with of wax, until there is a small ridge built honey and hang themselves up in great up where the comb is to be started. Then begins a process of pinching and scrapness, and an abundance of food increase ing, and pulling and thinning, and addthe secretion of fat in animals, so these ing more material, which soon results in

the appearance of the base or septum of a few cells, accompanied, perhaps, by rudi-

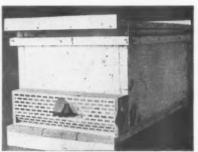
mentary side walls.

Long rows of cells are not started at first. A few cells are begun in the center, then, as the comb is built downwards. it is also extended horizontally, the lower edge being kept in a semicircle. Work is often begun in this manner in two or three places upon one top bar, and as the pieces of comb enlarge their edges finally come in contact and are joined together.

In enlarging a piece of comb, the bees add wax to its edges, starting another row of cells, and at the same time lengthening the walls of those already begun. No bee she sticks on her flake of wax where she thinks it is most needed, gives it a pinch and a poke, and then leaves it. The next

comb - building can be easily witnessed; and as the work progresses the queen may be seen laying in some of the newmade cells, and the bees filling others with honey. Such a hive may be kept in the house, by furnishing the bees an entrance through a tube passed under a slightly raised window-sash, and proves an endless delight.

Most of the combs in many apiaries are now built from what is technically termed "comb foundation" -thin sheets of beeswax embossed in resemblance of the base of honeycomb cells. In the production of one pound of wax, at least five or



QUEEN AND DRONE TRAP AT THE ENTRANCE OF A HIVE. A portion of the metal screen has been cut away to show one of the wire cones.

ever builds a complete cell by herself; six pounds of honey are consumed; and, unless great care is exercised, combs that are built naturally often prove imperfect. that is, bulged or crooked, or with too bee gives it an additional twist and pull, large a proportion of drone-comb (the and then passes on, and the great wonder cells in which drones are reared are oneis that anything so accurate and beauti- fourth larger than worker-cells), thus ful as honeycomb can result from the bringing into existence a horde of usemixed-up, skipping-about work of such a less consumers; besides this, the flowers restless mass of workers. With an ob- sometimes yield nectar so bountifully servatory hive (one with glass sides), that the comb-builders are unable to keep

pace with the harvest, and honey is lost from lack of store-room. Filling the brood-frames and the sectional honey-boxes with sheets of comb foundation is a complete remedy for all of these difficulties. Material is thus furnished for the building of combs that must from necessity be as straight as so many boards, and entirely free from drone-comb, as the cells are already started and are of worker size.

In natural combbuilding, all of the work must be performed at the edges of the combs, hence there is a limit to the number of workers that may be thus



engaged, while a sheet of comb foundation of one is an interesting sight. Five or allows the work of comb-building to be ten minutes before a swarm is to come commenced simultaneously all over its out, the bees often exhibit signs of unlength. If the "foundation" does not bees are swept out and drop to the ground

contain sufficient material to complete the cells, the bees make up the deficiency with wax of their own secretion.

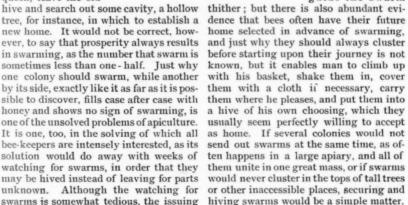
There is an old saw about "man being the least contented when the most prosperous;" whether true or not. the idea is very applicable to the swarming of bees. No sooner is the hive full of combs, the combs filled with brood and honey, perhaps a nice start made in the surplus apartment, and everything at the high-tide of prosperity than the majority of the workers, accompanied by the queen, leave the old

tree, for instance, in which to establish a new home. It would not be correct, however, to say that prosperity always results in swarming, as the number that swarm is sometimes less than one-half. Just why one colony should swarm, while another by its side, exactly like it as far as it is possible to discover, fills case after case with honey and shows no sign of swarming, is one of the unsolved problems of apiculture. It is one, too, in the solving of which all bee-keepers are intensely interested, as its solution would do away with weeks of watching for swarms, in order that they may be hived instead of leaving for parts unknown. Although the watching for

entire surface. No honey is ever lost easiness. Squads of them come rushing from lack of store-room when comb foun- out and take wing only to return again. dation is used, as it can be changed in- Others go skurrying up the front of the to complete comb within a day or two, hive, and then down again. At last their while the bees can begin storing honey courage is "screwed up to the sticking before the walls of the cells have been point," and out they come, pell-mell. drawn out to more than half their full So great is the rush that young, downy

> in front of the hive. As the bees leave the hive, they rise in a whirling, circling mass that grows larger as its numbers are augmented. As soon as the swarm is all out it begins moving off to one side, and soon clusters upon the branch of some neighboring tree, where it remains some little time before setting out for its distant home.

There are indications that a swarm sometimes remains clustered while a few of its members go in search of some cavity suitable for habitation, and, having found it, return and guide the swarm





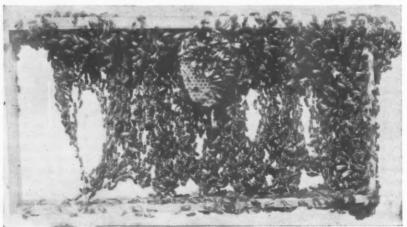
CATCHING A SWARM.

over the entrance of the hive the mouth of a large, wedge-shaped framework covered with wire cloth, called a "swarm catcher." Of course, the bees pour out into the "catcher," only to find themselves prisoners; and when the swarm is all inside the "catcher," it is set away in some cool place and the bees hived at leisure. The success of this plan depends upon very close watching and lively movements, and in a large apiary it is necessary to have several "catchers" scattered about the yard all ready for use. Many bee-keepers, taking advantage of the fact that a swarm will not leave unless accompanied by a queen, hunt up all of their queens, and, with a small pair of scissors, clip a wing from each; then when a swarm issues and the queen attempts to follow, she drops to the ground in front of the hive. The bee-keeper picks her up, puts her in a cage, moves the old hive to old stand, and lays the caged queen at its the queen is not with them, and, whirling back to the old stand, rush into the new hive, supposing it to be their old home. goes in with the swarm that is thus led to hive itself.

The most practical invention in this

One plan for overcoming these difficultrap. With this plan there is no mutities is that of keeping close watch, and lation of queens, neither is there danthe moment a swarm is seen issuing clap ger of their being lost in the grass, or getting into the wrong hive, while if a swarm issues during the absence of the bee-keeper, it is not lost, as it returns and enters the old hive, and the fact that a swarm has issued will be revealed by the presence of the queen in the trap, accompanied by a little cluster of bees, and the apiarist can then divide the colony if he wishes. The trap also enables one to catch and destroy drones of any undesirable strain.

Neglect or mismanagement often allows a swarm to escape and take up its abode in the forest; then, the following year, the colony thus established sends out other swarms that find forest homes, and the result is that, in some localities, "beetrees" become so plentiful that men engage in the business of hunting for them. When a bee-tree is found, it is, of course, cut down and the bees robbed of their stores. It is quite difficult and tedious a new location, puts a new hive on the watching a bee as it flits from blossom to blossom, besides, it may start for home entrance. The bees soon discover that from some spot where it is impossible to keep it long in sight. For these, and other reasons, the hunting of "wild bees," so-called, is usually followed only At this point the queen is released and in the fall, or late summer, when honeyproducing flowers are so scarce that bees are then easily attracted by the hunter's "bait" - a piece of comb filled with diline is what is called a queen and drone luted honey. Diluting the honey lessens



BEES SECRETING WAX

the expense, enables the bees to load and unload more quickly, and to fly more rapidly when loaded.

Those who hunt bees to any great extent use what is called a "bee-box." This is a small box made in two parts, the lower half being used for holding a piece of comb filled with honey, while the upper part, or cover, is used principally for catching the bees and getting them at work upon the "bait." The top of the upper part is covered with glass, and a short distance below the glass is a horizontal, sliding partition; while still lower, just at the lower edge of one of the sides, is a small opening covered on the inner side with glass. Equipped with

his box and a bottle of honey, the bee brought in contact with the comb of hunter begins operations in some field or honey in the lower part of the box. cleared spot near the forest in which he expects bee-trees may be found. The first step is the finding of a bee, and when by careful search one is found industriously at work upon some weed, the cover to the box is taken off, the slide partly drawn out, and the open or lower side of the



MARING COMB FOUNDATION.

cover held near the bee. A handkerchief is then held upon the opposite side of the bee, and as the cover and handkerchief are brought quickly together, the bee is caught in the former. Seeing the light, the bee soon buzzes up against the glass top of the cover, when the slide is shoved in, thus making the bee a prisoner. The cover is replaced upon the box, the box set upon a stump or upon a stake stuck up in the ground, the slide drawn nearly out, and the handkerchief spread over the glass top. The bee now sees but one opening, the small one in the side of the cover near its lower edge, and in attempting to escape by this lower opening, the bee is

To find the honey is to at once begin

"loading up." Occasionally removing the handkerchief shows when the bee has found the honey, and as soon as it is seen filling its sac, the hunter carefully removes the cover and places his eve near the ground. This position is assumed to secure the sky as a background in watching the bee take its homeward flight. Under such conditions a bee can be kept in sight for a long distance. A minute or two suffices for the bee to fill its honey sac, when it slowly rises in gradually widening circles. Each time around it sways more and more to one side-toward the spot where it lives; finally, having taken its "bearings," it strikes a "beeline" for home. In a short time it returns with perhaps three or four companions in its wake-eager to learn from whence came that fine load of honey. The result is that a strong "line" of bees is finally at work between their home and the hunter's box. He now puts the cover on the box, shutting in the bees, and moves along on the "line" toward their home. After going some distance the bees are released, when they at once leave for home, only to return and reestablish the "line," when the hunter



SHOWING THE HIVE, HIVE COVER, SECTION BOX WITH FOUNDATION, SECTION OF HONEY, AND SHIP

ticular attention being paid to any knot ter of the honey-flow. holes or openings. Getting a tree beflitting about. An opera-glass is also a great help in this part of the work. When cutting the tree for the honey, it is often possible, if desirable, to also save the bees and transfer them to a hive: in fact, many extensive bee-keepers secured their first bees from a bee-tree.

After the movable comb hive, the most important apicultural invention is that of the honey extractor; and, like many another invention, its origin was accidental. A bee-keeper gave his little son a piece of comb containing some unsealed cells of honey. The boy put it into a basket having a string attached to the handle, and, boy-like, began swinging it over his head, only to find the honey running out and flying through the bottom of the basket. Seeing this, the father decided that it was no longer necessary to smash the combs and strain out the honey in the old-fashioned way-it could be removed by centrifugal force. A rude machine was at once constructed and put into successful operation. The modern honey extractor consists of a large tin can, in the center of which, in an upright position, is a shaft to which are attached two or more "comb baskets" of tinned wire cloth. By means of a crank and gearing, the shaft and comb baskets may be whirled around with considerable speed. To extract honey, the combs are taken from the hive, the bees shaken and brushed off in front of their hive, then the cappings over the honey carefully shaved off with a wide, keen-edged knife, and a comb put into each basket. Upon turning the crank, the honey is thrown from the cells upon the outer sides of the combs, and flies against the sides of the can, from whence it runs down to the bottom and is drawn off through a faucet. After the combs have been emptied upon one side, they are turned or reversed so as to bring the opposite sides outward, and the motion ! again applied. When the honey has been uncapping the honeycome for the extractor.

again closes the box and moves forward. extracted, the combs are returned to the When the bees turn and fly back on the hive to be refilled; and the extracting line, it shows that the tree has been process can be repeated as often as they passed and must be near at hand. The are found full of honey, the length of trunks and branches of all large trees in time necessary for this depending upon the vicinity are carefully examined, par- the strength of the colony and the charac-

In the raising of extracted honey, less tween the sun and the observer greatly skill is required than in the production aids in discovering any bees that may be of comb-honey; besides, in the former case, as no honey is consumed in wax production, nor time used in comb-building, the amount of surplus honey secured is often doubled. From this it would seem that the raising of extracted honey must be the more profitable, and perhaps it would, were it not that honey in this form must compete with similar sweets, such as sugar, molasses, syrups, and glu-On the other hand, comb-honey stands without a rival-one of the daintiest luxuries that ever graced a tea-table.

One of the early plans for securing honey, without first destroying the bees. was that of having it stored over the hive in a large box capable of holding twentyfive or thirty pounds: but honey in this



tempting. and fragile, and the invention of the "section" honey-box, now in use, soon made glass honey-boxes a thing of the past. A section honey-box is a thin, wooden frame nearly two inches wide, and usually about four inches square—this size holding a pound of honey. A sheet of comb foun- arise from the eating of honey. dation is placed in the center of each secby side in rows in a case that is placed on top of the hive. The "foundation" leads the bees to build a comb inside of each "section," just as they build combs inside the frames of the hive proper; and, although a whole case of honey is taken off the hive at once, the honey is easily removed from the case in "sections" of one pound each, hence the name "section" honey-box. As the finished sections are taken from the cases in which they were built, they are placed in smaller cases then ready for market.

that its consumption, when eating combhoney, is injurious or unwholesome, and they strive to reject every particle of wax. Hot biscuit and fresh bread are less digestible than stale bread, from the fact that chewing packs them into solid masses not easily penetrated by the gastric juices, but it may surprise some to know that such food is really more easily digested when eaten with comb-honey. The philosophy of the matter is that the flakes of wax prevent the packing, while the honey that becomes mixed

shape was not convenient for retailing, with the mass is readily dissolved out, there was more or less daub and drip as leaving free access for the gastric juices it was cut out in chunks, and the one to all parts of the food. In this connecgreat, wooden box that covered the entire tion there is another point worthy of top of the hive was eventually discarded consideration, and that is, that the bees and its place filled with several smaller in gathering, storing, and "ripening" boxes having sides of glass that dis- honey, add to it certain secretions that played the contents in a manner truly greatly aid in its digestion; in fact, While such packages were honey is so nearly ready for assimilation very attractive, they were also expensive that almost no work is required of the stomach. While honey is such a desirable food in cases of weakened digestive powers, it is true that it does not always agree with all persons; but it should be known that a drink of milk will often relieve any pain or discomfort that may

In an article on glucose, written by the tion box, and the "sections" placed side United States chemist and published several years ago in a scientific magazine, it was stated that man had finally succeeded in making artificial comb-honey, the cells being filled with scented glucose and sealed over with a hot iron (?). Being of a sensational character, this statement was widely copied, while the apparent authenticity of its source caused it to bequite generally believed by those not familiar with such matters, thus creating a prejudice that greatly damaged the sale of honey. It required an almost endless having ends of glass, and the honey is amount of the severest criticism on the part of the bee journals, and the offer by As wax is indigestible, many believe one of them of one thousand dollars for a

single pound of "manufactured" honey, ere a tardy and reluctant admission of error was wrung from the author of this "scientific pleasantry." Lovers of honey may rest assured that that upon which the bees have placed their "seal" is the genuine article.

Bees are often kept with both pleasure and profit in what is called a "house-apiary," a long, narrow building in which the hives are ranged in rows upon The advanshelves. tages of the house-apiary are that the bees, their hives, product,

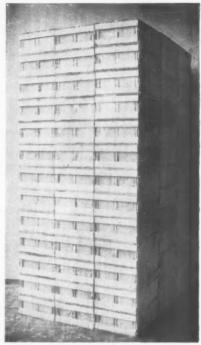


LINING WILD BEES.

and owner are protected against the summer's heat and the winter's cold, from storm and from sunshine, and everything can be made secure under lock and key. As everything is under shelter, the hives, surplus cases, etc., may be made of cheap lumber and left unpainted. The hives, the bee-keeper and his implements, all being close together, there is a great saving of steps in caring for the bees, removing the surplus honey, etc. "Robber bees" (bees from other hives on the lookout to steal honey if any is exposed) give no trouble, as it is only the bees of the hive that is opened that can gain access to the open space inside the building. The annoyance from stings is greatly lessened, as bees seldom sting inside a building. Protection for winter is easily given, while the combined heat from so many colonies is an aid to safe wintering.

While the house-apiary possesses these advantages over the ordinary manner of keeping bees, there is one feature of the business to which it is not adapted, that called "migratory bee-keeping," in which an apiary is moved from one part of the country to another. It is seldom that one locality abounds in all of the honey-producing plants that may be found by making short journeys in different directions. A locality unequaled for early bloom may be sadly deficient in the clover and basswood blossoming so profusely at midsummer only a few miles distant, while a few miles farther on may be a swamp or river bottom that is of little value as a grove.

There is still another phase of migra- retreating season of bloom. tory bee-keeping in which there have been a few expensive, but mostly unsucrapidity to keep pace with the advanc- abandoned.



COMB-HONEY READY FOR MARKET.

ing season, thus keeping the bees in the height of clover bloom for months instead of only a few weeks. Bees have been moved northward by rail, and also by placing them on a barge and towing them bee pasture until gorgeous with the pur- up the Mississippi. With the latter methple and gold of autumnal flowers. It will od, which is the most promising, the bees be readily seen why some bee-keepers oc- have an opportunity to work every day, casionally find it profitable to move their as the advance up stream is made by apiaries once or twice during the season. night. In nearly all of the few attempts The most notable successes in this line at thus following the season up the Misshave been made in Florida, where the issippi, and one of them was made at honey from the orange-blossom comes in a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, there March, then a move of perhaps fifty miles have been unforeseen accidents, causing allows the bees to enjoy the bloom of the delays, and the colonies of bees were saw-palmetto, and, later, another crop nearly ruined by the long confinement may be secured by removing to the man- made necessary in traveling both day and night, while endeavoring to overtake the Keeping pace with the season as it advances up the Mississippi is a great scheme, theoreticessful experiments: that of moving, in cally, but, when put into practice, so the spring, a large number of colonies many obstacles have appeared that this from the south northward with sufficient feature of migratory bee-keeping has been

of some kind. One method is that of keeping the bees the year round in chaffspace between the walls being filled with chaff. Single-wall hives are either surrounded with chaff or sawdust, as winter approaches, the material being kept in place by outer cases, or they are carried into a cellar or wintering repository, where care is taken to keep the temperature as near forty-five degrees as possible. In cellar-wintering there is quite a saving in stores, bees out of doors being compelled to consume large quantities of honey in keeping up the necessary animal heat.

In conclusion, it may be said that apiculture does not live to itself alone. Although its product, gathered from what would otherwise be wasted, is one of the most healthful and delicious of foods, it is probably of far less importance than the work of fertilization so thoroughly performed by the bees in passing from blossom to blossom. Some flowers, indeed, are self-fertilizing, but there are others that remain absolutely sterile unless pollen is conveyed to them by mechanical means from some other blosshadow of a doubt that many crops of bring certain and profitable results.

In the northern states, bees are seldom fruit, vegetables, and grain are greatly wintered out of doors without protection improved in both quantity and quality by the agency of the bees in bringing about perfect fertilization of the bloshives, those having double walls, the soms. Flowers do not unfold their bright colors simply to please the eye of man. neither are their sweet perfumes for his pleasure alone, but, like the tiny drops of nectar nestling among their petals, these attractions are a part of nature's plan for securing the attendance of those marriage-priests-the bees.

Recognizing the auxiliary character of bee-keeping in its relation to other branches of agriculture, as well as its importance for itself alone, some states are encouraging the business by adding it to the list of pursuits upon which experiments are made at the state experiment stations; also, by employing experienced apiarists as lecturers at farmers' institutes.

In the matter of association and organization, bee-keeping stands well up to the front, while its literature, both periodical and in book form, compares most favorably with that of other kindred pursuits. In short, modern bee-culture has attained to the dignity of a profession, in which ignorance, superstition, and slipshod management have been supplanted soms. It has been proven beyond the by scientific knowledge and methods that



EXPERIMENTAL APIARY AT LAPIER, MICHIGAN,



"SORROWS," BY EDELFELT.

## THE PARIS SALONS OF '95.

BY CHARLES YRIARTE.

I T is not an easy thing to attempt, on estimate its art value and foresee the exhibitions at the Champs Elysées and has in store. the Champ de Mars, to give an idea of As far as the number of exhibitors and

the eve of the opening of the annual surprises and disappointments that it

what that great display will be, or to the arrangements made are concerned,

Salon of the Champ de Mars, is in accordance with the modern ideas that esteem so highly the art workers who have given such perfection to furniture, jewthat consists in endowing matter, be it noble or common, with the prestige of form and the superiority of imagination.

Before we enter upon our subject, let us salute the new president of the republic, painted by M. Bonnat, who was president of the Society of French Artists (Champs Élysées), and a member of the Institute. Force of habit, founded seen the medal commemorating M.

for twenty years painter in ordinary-though unofficial-of the presidents of the French republic.

The new president, when he was a simple deputy, was a member of the Club de l'Union Artistique, or Cercle des Champs Élysées (popularly known as "L'Épatant" on account of the affectations connected with its establishment). wished, after his election, to show himself at the club and manifest his sympathy with it, so he seized the occasion to give orders to two members of the club—the painter, Léon Bonnat, and the sculptor, René de St. Marceaux. It is not depreciating the work of these two artists to say that it has the official character, that is to say, simplicity, calm bearing, a total absence of imagination in the pose, and a subdued and careful style of execution. M. Bonnat has painted M. Faure as he

the exhibition of 1895 will not differ saw him receiving a deputation at the greatly from the exhibitions that have Élysée. He is standing bareheaded, with preceded it. But there will be a new sec- his hat in his hand, and wears the insigtion for the art which was formerly called nia of a grand master of the order of the industrial, but is to-day known as dec- Legion of Honor. It is "a good Bonorative, that is to say, the minor arts, as nat," as they say here. The work is prethey were once termed. This decision, cise, correct, and yet free; the light is which has already been taken by the strong, and it is assisted by the flesh tint, the freedom and frankness of the pose, the great height, and the amiable frankness of the physiognomy.

As for the bust, the low-cut, black coat elry, enameling, wood-carving, and all without drapery, and the absence of accessories, give but few chances for display. The cordon of the Legion, spreading over the breast and falling over the pedestal, alone gives a little character to this marble effigy, which is, however, worthy of the author of "The Secrets of the Tomb" and "The Harlequin."

In the department of sculpture will be upon his success, has led to his being Faure's election, which was ordered of



"AT THE WINDOW," BY R. COLLIN.

Casimir Périer, for the iconographic series tint over the whole scene. of the presidents. The reverse of this likeness of M. Casimir Périer.

pictures, and his pictures are idyls, and his examples of them are always pure and noble. M. Bréton paints nature-not embellished-but chosen in her

one of the two great specialists in that most happy expressions. He gives us kind of work-M. Chaplain, a member this year another "Return of the Gleanof the Institute. M. Chaplain had al- ers;" they are crossing the fields just ready been charged with the execution as the burning sun, red as blood, disapof the medal recalling the election of M. pears behind a cloud and throws a warm

M. Jean P. Laurens, member of the Inmedal is greatly admired. It represents stitute, historic painter, sincere and faitha woman draped in antique fashion, her ful in his archæological reconstructions head covered with a veil: "France, of characters, types, and monuments, has mourning for M. Carnot, depositing a finished his decoration for the town hall vote in the urn for the nomination of a at Toulouse. The canvas, which is new president." On the other side is the twenty-nine feet high and twenty-three feet long, is executed in distemper. "The There is nothing official about M. Jules inhabitants of Toulouse, after the first Bréton, who is at once a painter and a siege maintained against Simon de Montpoet. His songs are translations of his fort, rebuild the walls of the city, which had been pulled down by the invaders." scenes from rural life, georgics of refined The work is strong, free, severe in extaste. Country people are his heroes, pression, bright in color, but clear and sonorous; thanks to the distempering process it has undergone.

M. Albert Maignan, who earned the

medal of honor at the Salon of 1892 for his picture "The Sculptor Carpeaux in his Studio," has now another allegorical scene, "The Green Muse,"-that is the name which the Bohemians of Paris have given to absinthe. The picture represents the room of a poet, with papers, books, a glass of absinthe on the table, and letters burning on the hearth. The poet is standing wrestling against an apparitiona woman-who wears a smile at once seductive and perfidious; she is pressing her two hands on the forehead of the thinker and kills his inspiration for ever. The same artist exhibits another allegory, "The Passing of Fortune." It shows the steps of the Bourse, and one hears the shouts and sees the hands strained toward Fortune, who scatters gold as she passes; in



"THE PRINCESS MATHILDE BONAPARTE," BY LUCIEN DOUCET.



"THE PRETENDED MODEL," BY GASTON LINDEN.

the foreground, Misery, draped in black, table, are trying to persuade some real awaits the time for her entry upon the workmen to rupture their relations with scene. All this is very ingenious-some- their employers. The scene is a tumultwhat far-fetched, it is true-but sugges- uous one. The smoke, the wine, the ab-

ian painter, who is so well known hesitating, the faces of the speakers, and through his great compositions, "Christ the by-play which shows the indecision in the Pretorium," "Golgotha," "The of some and the resolution of others, Death of Mozart," etc., has drawn his give a good idea of the movements that inspiration from the present day. "Be- herald strikes. It is a strong picture, fore the Strike" represents a wine-shop and the accessories will make a deep in which some agitators, perched on a impression upon the general public.

tive, and the pictures will be attractive. sence of air in the narrow wine-shop, the M. Mihaly de Munkaczy, the Hungar- shouts, the attitudes of those who are



"CHATTER," BY ROCHEGROSSE.

with pipes at their lips, are blowing bubbles that reflect the bright copper utenpaw to crack the sparkling globe, and rival in such scenes of animated still life; it contains. the coppers are wonderful in their comfolk are set.

other, a reflection of life; the modern school has even prohibited all subjects

M. Joseph Bail's "Soap Bubbles" Trousseau in which Dr. Roux-the propromises to be a genuine success, for it is moter of the operation in France-is sua bright and ingenious composition. A perintending the injection of serum on a group of little scullions in their kitchen little girl two or three years old. The inhave filled a bowl with soapsuds, and, jection is being made by Dr. Moizard, who is surrounded by the young doctors of the staff. This will be another attracsils that surround them. A cat raises its tion at the Salon for those who care principally for the subject of a picture; but one of the scullions is amusing himself the painting is also of value as a work by teasing her. M. Bail is without a of art and for the contemporary portraits

The Parnassians are a literary sect position, and the artist has avoided the founded about 1860 under the influence difficulty of the dark background against of the poet Leconte de Lisle; thanks to which the little white-dressed kitchen the courage and activity of the publisher Alphonse Lemerre, for whom verse had a French painting is, more than any fascination. M. Lemerre has lived and grown rich upon poetry, and, full of gratitude, he has ordered from M. Paul that lead back to the past. The great Chabas an enormous picture in which all discovery of the use of serum as a his authors are brought together in his cure for croup necessarily tempted an garden at Ville d'Avray. In this group artist. M. André Brouillet, a young are to be seen Alphonse Daudet, François painter who is well known, has de- Coppée, Leconte de Lisle, Paul Bourget, voted a large canvas to this operation. De Heredia, Sully-Prudhomme, Paul Her-He shows us a room in the Hôpital vieu, Marcel Prévost, Paul Arène, Jules who is surrounded by his family.

whom his valet is offering a dose of medi- Denon. cine. These two canvases do not sugbe enjoyed by the ingenuous visitor.

spread from Paris throughout France, men gathered in a wine-shop.

Bréton, Cazalis, Léon Dierx, Lafenestre, has greatly fallen off this year. Never-Paul Bonnetain, and the director of fine theless, a young artist-M. Orange-who arts, M. Rouyon, with their Mæcenas, took a subject last year from the war with Spain, has applied himself this year M. Brispot usually caters to the con- to a canvas twenty-three feet long, to tentment of families at the Champs Ely- show us "Napoleon at the Pyramids" sées by his scenes from quiet life This looking on with his staff at the excavayear he has painted "A Village Barber's tions made by the scientific commission Shop." A customer is in the chair, and attached to his army. The commanding three old peasants are waiting their turn. general is contemplating an open sar-That is the whole of the scene, but there cophagus, and seems as though he would is power of observation and fidelity like to ask its secret of the mummy that shown in the treatment of the figures. has lain in it forgotten for six thousand The second picture by this artist is a years. Beside him are the members of jovial one. It represents a cardinal to the commission, Monge, Berthollet, and

M. F. Lix, the fertile illustrator who gest very high thoughts, but they will has scattered so many clever compositions in magazines and books, has painted It has been remarked that last year the an "Episode in the Life of Hégésippe period of the empire inspired no less Moreau." The poet is shown as he is than twenty-two canvases; the Napo- trying the effect of a scene from one of leonic craze that arose in Paris and his poems by reading it to some work-



"A BOX AT A BULL-FIGHT," BY DANNATI.

hilde to Siegmund."

jail. The prince, in a black frock-coat, bracket ornamented with fleurs-de-lis. M. Détaille, who usually devotes himself to military scenes, has had a sitting from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught-both on horseback and in uniform, surrounded by their staff, at the manœuvers at Aldershot. It is a large landscape in the style of Lawrence.

The portrait of "The Princess Mathilde Doucet, who has taken her highness from

M. Wagrez, another Cosmopolitan arthe life at her residence at St. Gratien. tist, has taken a subject for which the It is a private work of great interest. honors of reproduction may safely be She is the daughter of Jérôme Bonapredicted, "The Apparition of Brun- parte, who was born in 1784 and died in 1860; she is the only surviving member Portraits are, as usual, abundant, but a of the immediate family of Napoleon I. choice must be made of painters and The princess was born in 1820, and, conmodels. M. Jules Lefébvre, one of the sequently, has now reached the age of masters, has given us nothing but like- seventy-five. Another portrait (one of nesses without any histories, whose in- the finest at the Salon) is sent by "M. cognito is not broken by the catalogue. Aimé Morot;" it represents a stock-M. Mathey has painted the Duke of Or- broker-M. Bianchi. M. Chartran and leans, the son of the Count of Paris, who M. Benjamin Constant have not yet deis known by the people as "the first con- clared themselves at the time of writing script of France," in remembrance of the this, as they are both in America. M. now historic freak that landed him in Marcel Baschet, who lately exhibited a very striking portrait of "M. Francisque is standing with his hand leaning upon a Sarcey with His Family," has this year painted M. Ambroise Thomas, the author of "Mignon," the celebrated octogenarian composer who is the director of the National Conservatory.

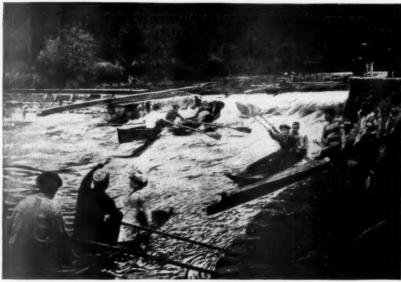
Mr. Orchardson, one of the English painters who is most constant at our exhibitions, has sent a composition reprecanvas, theatrical in appearance, with a senting the lovely "Madame Récamier"

in her home.

M. Bouguereau, who rarely paints por-Bonaparte" was painted by M. Lucien traits, has sent his own likeness to the Salon. It is, of course, faultless both in



"IN LA HAUTE ALSACE," BY ZUBER.



CANOEING OVER A RAPID." BY GUELDRY.

to this a "Psyche Carried Off by Love," master, he has shown drawing carried to its highest point of perfection.

Time presses and space is giving out. We can, therefore, only mention M. Rochegrosse, who is celebrated for his small genre picture; M. Herman Léon, "Henry III. Playing with His Little Dogs;" Robert-Fleury, "Maternity"-a young, blonde mother near a cradle: M. Raphael Collin, a sweet portrait of a young American girl who is one of his pupils; M. Loustanneau,—the military painter,— "The Drinking-place of the Canton-Hope." M. Georges Cain, faithful to Napoleon, paints "The Reading of a Bulletin of Victory from the Army of Italy."

Landscape-painting, which has been in the past so brilliantly represented by Corot, Daubigny, Jules Dupré, Troyon, and Français, has still its fervent disciples. At the head of these are Harpignies, still as robust as an old oak, and always elegant in the lines of his componier, M. Demont,-a true poet, and quite a voung Pleiad, - Guillemet, Edmond

drawing and resemblance. He has added Yon, Nozal, and Vayson, with many others. A fact that follows upon the in which, as in other canvases by this spread of the colonial idea is the appearance at our exposition of a score of landscapes from Africa, Cochin China, Madagascar, Tonquin, Algeria, and our new colonies.

The expositions of the National Society colossal canvases, but who sends only a of French Artists, which are usually known as the "Champ de Mars," have a tone of independence, youth, and audacity that make their success certain. They fear no scandal from their choice of subjects or from the riskiness of their sketches. Members of the Academy of Fine Arts visit the exposition by stealth, and, if you meet them there, they are ment;" M. Gabriel Ferrier, "The Last ready to give good excuses for their presence. "Is it not better," they will tell you, "to go straight toward the monster and unmask him, to know and be able to judge of a movement so daring that it is rather a revolution than a simple evolution of French painting?"

The members are of an inventive turn of mind; last year they made a sensation by devoting an entire room to the exhibition of the two hundred water-colors sitions, followed by Zuber, Camille Ber- composing M. James Tissot's "Life of Jesus;" this year they have induced Mr. John La Farge—an American citizen—to



"A BULLETIN OF VICTORY FROM THE ARMY OF ITALY," BY GEORGES CAIN.

exhibit to Parisians his collection of two the full power of his youth and success. friends.

Another point of interest will be the hundred and thirty water-color paintings new design by M. Puvis de Chavannes, and drawings made in Samoa, Tahiti, and the president of the society, which is in-Fiji, which were recently exhibited in tended for the decoration of the Boston New York. There will also be brought Library. The canvas is fifty feet long, together the ceramic work of the late and his studio has been impenetrable up sculptor, Carriès, who died recently in to the present, even to his most intimate

is concerned, the painter Roll comes after M. de Chavannes. Having decided to decorate one of the sides of the grand staircase of the Hôtel de Ville, the independent spirits of the municipal council could not have chosen a freer mind than that of this daring painter. The enormous design is entitled "The Joys of Life;" women, naked as Eve, are lying in a wood carpeted with flowers, listening to an orchestra whose performers are dressed in frock-coats. It represents the manners of antique society, adapted to the society of to-day. The painter pretends that it is a free translation of Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre" and Lorenzo Costa's "Allegory" in the Louvre. It represents the maximum of calculated audacity by one of the young chiefs of the Champ de Mars school.

M. Jean Beraud is resting. M. Carolus Duran will probably have nothing but portraits which have already been seen

at club exhibitions.

In picking out pictures for mention in so discursive an article as this, I do not pretend to do more than hastily mention what I think a Parisian would tell his outre-mer readers was to be seen in the coming Salons. But the Champ de Mars, in general, professes the doctrine of "art for art's sake." Subjects are rare, and most of the pictures consist of a symphony of brilliant tones, effects of light, a meaning suggested rather than expressed, or an appearance noted down on the spur of the moment. All this may be felt and seen, but it is impossible to describe it in words, because the substance is as nothing. There is a great deal to be seen, but very little capable of description. There are, however, scenes from every-day life.

M. Besnard, who is the chief of the most advanced'school, will not have anything remarkable this year; he is entirely devoted to his decoration for the Sorbonne at Paris, for which he is painting at the entrance to the chemical laboratories "Death Gives Life," a very strange composition which is, as yet, Champ de Mars. The United States is only cartooned. We shall have from well represented, as well as Sweden, Norhim, nevertheless, "A Horse-Market at way, Spain, and Holland. Blidah," and some typical Assouans. Both these pictures are souvenirs and re- comes M. Edelfelt, the Finlander, who flections of his recent voyage through has brought back from Helsingfors a

As far as the importance of his work our colony of Algeria, whence he has come back more incandescent than ever.

> M. Weertz has a large canvas that will astonish the public. It is entitled "Fatherland and Humanity," and brings us to Golgotha. Christ is hanging on the cross, and a French cuirassier, who has been wounded in a charge, comes, almost shattered under his horse, to expire at the foot of the sign of redemption while he presses his standard to his heart!

M. Dagnan, whose work is so deep and yet so tender, has not sent any compositions excepting a simple portrait of his wife and a picture of "Breton Women in

the Wash-house."

Faithful to the glorification of material life, the municipal councilors of Paris; who are by no means dreamers, have requested of a great artist, M. Lhermitte, a picture representing "The Arrival of Supplies at the Paris Market." It is a picturesque subject treated on a large scale, and is full of life and movement.

M. Ed. Dubuse provides a contrast to these subjects by the delicate sweetness of his religious compositions on the life of the Virgin. He has taken as the background of these pictures his garden and villa at Capri, with the azure sea and the lovely horizons of the Neapolitan gulf.

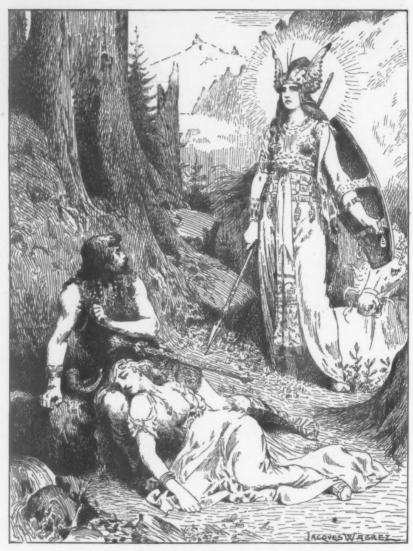
M. Toudouze has painted an allegory in the modern sense of the word. dreamy looking woman in a blue empire robe is walking in an autumn garden, and a cupid fluttering above her is throw-

ing down the dead leaves.

M. Carrière gives us at last his "Popular Theater,"-a long canvas showing the audience of the Belville theater, an audience thirsting for the sensations of vulgar drama, trembling and hanging on the words of the actors. The atmosphere is interesting, the faces being softened, as it were, in the painter's dream. This will be an attractive picture for artists, and will certainly be widely discussed.

The hospitality of the Champs Élysées is perfect, but strangers have made themselves more than ever at home at the

First among the exotics from the north



"BRUNHILDE APPEARING TO SIEGMUND," DRAWN BY THE ARTIST, J. WAGREZ.

and a canvas entitled "Sorrows," in which executed. a young peasant couple are united hand in hand in bearing the same grief. Two clared himself as being in all things a brilliant effects of snow, a marine picture, and a landscape make up his contribution, the whole of which is sincerely sents one of our flaring boulevards with

deep and touching portrait of his mother painted, thoroughly studied, and freely

M. Zom, a Swede from Mora, has de-

a melancholy young woman coming out revolution, has enlarged his canvas to of a café. His second picture takes us life size, and gives us this time a speciing on the balcony of a house on the grand canal a lady whose silhouette room behind her. This is an original way of painting a portrait, and the initiated say that the lady is Mrs. Gardner, of Boston.

Mr. Alexander Harrison, of Philadelphia, is a steady contributor to the Champ de Mars : he shows himself continually to be a specialist in the representation of romantic shores. This year he has given us some figure studies. A group of naked urchins running toward the waves, two children playing with seaweed, and a child on the beach. These canvases are by a genuine painter and manifest the impressions of a poet.

Miss Lee Robbins is progressing, in that she is getting farther away from her master, whom she recalled too often. A blue dress, very well drawn, together with two studies from the nude, make up

her contribution this year.

Mr. Welden Hawkins, whose nationality was vague, has had himself officially declared as a Frenchman. But his brain still keeps its exotic ideas. He has painted Madame Sévérine, a writer with an ardent pen, and has made a strange and elaborate portrait. Beside this portrait is exposed a figure inspired by the poet Baudelaire; it is one of those undecipherable allegories that every one will interpret according to his own temperament.

M. Dannat, who is at once the glory of New York and the avenue de Villiers, has received his baptism of fire at Seville. Spain has impressed and excited him; he has sworn mortal hatred to black, and aspires to a clear and dead style of painting, and is burning that which up to the present he has adored. His work is debatable, but it is always interesting. "A Box at a Bull-fight" is a flood of sunlight and a sparkling of rays upon brown carnations, blue hair, and chatoyant fabries. Beside this, he exhibits a very pretty portrait of a fair English lady dressed in white satin, upon a red background.

M. Liebermann, of Berlin, whose composition is strange, and who preaches friezes on its sides.

abroad; it is in Venice, and we see lean-men of "An Old Fisherman in the Dunes of Holland."

M. Thaulow, who was born at Chrisstands out against the brightly lighted tiania, has made his home in Paris and is faithless to his native snows; he has painted the ripples of the clear Normandy rivers, and has been influenced by the charm of our green meadows.

M. Mesday still pays allegiance to Groningen and to the North sea, with its

dull and yellow waves.

M. Léon Frédéric made a great impression last year by a triptych entitled "All is Dead;" this year he gives us five panels in a single frame-"Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," and "Nature." He is one of the most original artists of the Champ de Mars, and is at once a remarkable painter and a deep thinker; he was born in Brussels, but he paints at Lausanne.

It is well known that the sculptors are pretty young woman in a plainly made the victims of art criticism—that great art that lives upon sacrifices. Here in France the destiny of sculpture is peculiar. The arena (a very well suited one, by the way,) in which the marbles and bronzes are to be arranged, serves also for the horse show till April, and the marble divinities do not enter it until the last horse has cleared the last hedge. Sculpture is, therefore, still in limbo.

All that is to be said is that M. Falguière will send a fine statue of Larochejacquelein, the Vendean; that M. Paul Dubois, the author of the "Florentine Singer," will give at last his "Joan of Arc," which is destined for Rheims. M. Dalon abstains. M. Rodin sends only a bust; M. MacMonies sends a statue of Shakspeare which will be somewhat out of the ordinary, as he has taken his inspiration from the portrait which is prefixed to the first edition of Shakspeare's works. M. Dampt, the author of last year's elaborate "Melusine," has carved in costly materials a statuette of a girl with hands of ivory; he also sends a bed which, although its form makes it a useful piece of furniture, is, nevertheless, a poem by the sculptured allegories round its head representing "The Dreams of Love, Wealth, and Glory," and "The Twelve Hours of the Night" along the



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

## AN INDIAN STORY OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

I.

THE TWO RAVENS.

THANK the Lord! At last we're out of the desert. The country ahead is no Garden of Eden, but it's better than that eternal sand back there."

The three prospectors reined in their horses on the crest of a low ridge which marked the beginning of the mesa, and surveyed the ground ahead. It was less sandy and somewhat more broken than that they had just crossed, one of those burning deserts known in that region as a "journey of death" (jornado del muerto). They had been down in the Sierra del Perro, and even across the edge of Old Mexico, and were coming northward to the Sierra de las Animas by way of the Sierra de San Luis.

The men were all mounted on large and handsome mustangs. By their arms they were plainly aware of the fact that they were traveling in a region teeming with dangers; each, in addition to the invariable Winchester, carried a revolver, and that heavy Mexican knife so like the cutlas in use and appearance.

Halted upon the crest, the red rays of the sun slanting across, they formed a striking and picturesque group—a group representative in dress, arms, equipments, and ruggedness of appearance of the class of hardy and fearless prospectors roving through the Sierra Madre and other ranges of New Mexico and Arizona.

The elevated mesa stretching before the party might have been five miles in length by nearly three in width. It was covered with small stones and cut up by many dry gulches. The only vegetation to be seen was the low-growing cactus, relieved here and there by a fantastic examined it some minutes. "The ravens group of yucca. To the westward was a grand ridge of castellated rocks that looked as though it might be the home of cliff dwellers, and behind it rose a high mountain.

While they were yet gazing for a break in the northern hills, a pair of hoarsely croaking ravens flew over the mesa and toward the ridge. The captain followed

them with his eyes.

"Going to roost," he remarked, sententiously. "What we ought to be doing."

The ravens were interesting, insomuch as they were the first living things the party had seen that day. Dick Nordine shaded his eyes with his huge hand, which was, however, in excellent proportion when one considered his height and build, and looked toward the setting sun.

"By George!" he shouted. "Did you see that, Cap?"

"See what?"

"Why, the ravens - how queer they

"I see them coming back as if Old Nick were after them," said Captain Ben. "They're putting for the east ridge,"

"I mean the back somersault they turned when they struck the rocks."

"Back somersault!" Captain Ben queried.

"Yes. They never lit at all. Jist as they were lightin' they begun to tumble over theirselves in their hurry to git away and take the buck track.

"The devil they did!" cried Captain Denton. "Then we've got to look out for our scalps, that's all. We may thank those ravens for telling us what's in store for us. Nothing but a human being could have given the birds such a fright, and if there's a human up among those rocks he's an Apache."

"That's gospel, Captain Ben," said Burt Colrick. He, too, was a strapping six-footer, and, like Nordine, a mountain man in every respect. "The only critters ravens is afeerd of is human critters, and therefore there's a human there."

Captain Ben whipped his field-glasses out of their case and leveled them at the ridge, every detail of which was now strongly outlined by the light diffused over its crest by the sunken sun.

"I thought so," he said, when he had temptin' bait for them Apache rascals.

did not wheel without reason. I see two heads over the rocks, and one is a feather head, sure as I'm alive."

"Proverbly there's a lot more," suggested Nordine.

"Of course, they've seen us?" said

"Of course, Burt," said Captain Ben, "saw us the moment we rose this ridge, and dropped behind the rocks to watch us. Well, it was lucky!"

"What was lucky?" Colrick asked.

"Everything, so far. If we'd been ten minutes later rising this ridge, we'd have had some hot work by now, and some of our scalps might have been looser. We'd have struck them about here."

"How so, Cap?"

"Well, here to our right, off east about a mile. I can see the tops of some trees in line with the ridge. There is a grove there and a water-tank. The Indians were heading for that grove to camp when we turned up. Their business now is to find out what we are going to do."

"And what are we goin' to do?" asked

Nordine.

"Roost. Strike for the grove and camp there. There is no other camping place in sight; it's the natural thing to do.'

"I don't see, Cap, why we've got to camp in the grove," said Colrick.

"That or fight right out here now on the open mesa, and it's pretty sure they're too many for us. Do you see that big arroyo coming down from the ridge? They will follow that, and its banks will hide their ponies until they're right on They'll never let us pass that point, and if they have a large party they have men in the arroyo now. If we go into camp at the grove it will give us time to do some head work before the fight comes off and to find out how many they are. Then we will have the choice of the battle-ground, and the first fire."

"I s'pose you're right, Cap, but blame if I can see through the business any further than slippin' away from 'em while they're thinkin' us asleep at the fire."

"That will be a good move," the captain returned, "but what we come across at the grove may alter our plans. Start the pack-mule along, Dick."

"All right, Cap, but I'm afraid he'll be

If there's one thing an Apache will risk they have a fire, they have used coals his life for, it's mule meat. The very chipped from burnt logs and stumps." sight of a 'John-day-zin,' as he calls a mule, makes his mouth water."

II.

## THE FLIGHT.

Captain Denton took the lead as they drew near the grove.

"Here's a creek, fellows," he shouted. "I thought the grove was beside a big water-hole."

"All the better, Cap," said Nordine.

"Yes, but we've got to be watchful, because they will crawl along the banks above or below us. They must have water. They're already on the move," he added, as he scanned the ridge with the glasses.

Captain Denton's party descended the steep slope to the banks of the little The grove gave no signs of having been recently visited, though the bent poles of half a dozen lodges showed it to be an old Apache hunting-ground.

cooking. Then they began looking about for a position in the grove. They found that the ridge was of such height that it Colrick. shut off the view down the creek. The est cottonwood, taking with him his fieldglasses, and leaving the camp-fire and supper to his two subordinates. It was fast growing dark when he descended.

"Well, men," he said, "it's just as I Those fellows have slipped expected. down along the south side of this ridge and are now lodged in a small grove about half a mile below. It isn't such a bad box as it might be, there are only

five all told."

"Only five!" cried Nordine and Col-

rick, deprecatingly.

"I saw none coming down the arroyo, and up the creek there are neither trees nor grass. They would know that."

"What are the fellows below us about?" asked Colrick. "Have they regularly gone into camp?"

"They are picketed on a patch of grass,

And so the party sat down to supper. Afterwards Captain Denton crept away into the gloom to reconnoiter, while Nordine and Colrick set about baking enough bread for two days' rations. They had been engaged in their culinary operations but a few minutes, when Nordine's quick ear detected a low, creaking noise.

"S-s-s-t! the captain," he said. And presently the captain appeared.

"Quick!" he exclaimed. "We shall have a visitor here in about ten minutes Roll up some of those blankets for a dummy. Behave yourselves well before your company."

And with a little laugh Captain Denton

again disappeared.

It did not take them long to fix up the dummy; they placed a hat over its face and laid it down with its feet toward the fire: then they went on with their breadmaking. It was two hours before Captain Ben came back again.

"Well, boys," he said, "it's all right. They feel pretty sure of us, and their Denton gave orders for picketing the scheme is to charge on our camp at dayanimals on a patch of meadow by the side break. They were so busy spying us out of the creek, but some distance from the that it never struck them I would follow their man back."

"How long did he stay here?" asked

"Only about ten minutes. He was captain swathed his head and body in within twenty feet of your fire. Then he green willow twigs and climbed the tall- crept out to the edge of the grove and took a look at the horses; I would have knifed him if he had started to cut them loose, but that would have spoiled things. We should have had to go right down to their camp and settle up with the others."

"That would have been easy enough,"

said Nordine.

"Yes, if things had gone our way; but I can tell you they are a strapping lot of fellows-four picked braves, as far as I could see, and the head chief, whose feathers we saw."

About ten o'clock they brought the mustangs from the meadow where they were grazing, and soon all was ready to move out of the grove. They threw a few old logs and stumps on the fire, that the smoke might be seen in the morning, and thus induce the Indians to move but there's no smoke that I can see. If slowly and cautiously. Then they took

up their course northward across the doubling on their tracks, they descended

mesa, now dimly lighted by a small moon with the stream, and finally left it sepaand the bright stars of a clear sky. They rately at points some fifty yards apart. traveled leisurely, the captain insisting On its shelving and sandy margin each that there was no need of haste. When dismounted and muffled the feet of his they drew near to that part crossed by the animal with pieces of blanket, tied on arroyo, the leader dismounted and scouted with strips torn from an empty barley Returning, he reported the sack. Then, walking backward till the arroyo dry, and quiet as a tomb, with an bushy bank was reached, all tracks were easy crossing ahead. In the same way obliterated with water sprinkled from the



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THE THREE PROSPECTORS.

mesa.

Here the men were surprised to find a hills; but Captain Ben explained that it was the same which flowed past the camp at the grove, having traced its course with his glass from the cottonwood. His reasons for leaving camp without a supply of water now became apparent.

ways than one," he said.

in width, and very shallow. After filling off. the canteens, they entered it and rode up along the bed for a few yards. Then, is just what I want."

two smaller arroyos were traversed, and gold-pan. Mounting at the edge of the an uneventful march of five miles brought brush, and maintaining the distances them to the northerly extremity of the between them, they struck out southward over the open mesa.

They did not take their buck track, but creek coming down from the bordering moved several points more to the westward. Down in their hearts the men felt that the captain's dodge would not win; with Apaches it was work thrown away. After about a mile of this open order, Captain Denton gave his signal for the men to close up. In the meantime one "Now we shall take water in more or two foot-mufflers had been lost, and Colrick asked the captain what should The creek was only about three yards be done in the event of others coming

"Let them go," said the captain. "It

of lashin' them on?" queried Nordine.

"Yes, of course. You don't suppose I had the least hope of fooling Indians with that trick, do you?"

"Then what was the good of all that business at the creek?" asked Colrick.

"It was to make them believe that we thought the trick a very cunning one. What I want to do is to give them the impression that they have to deal with a set of cowardly and clumsy greenhorns; that they have a good and easy

After reaching and descending the big arroyo, they turned westward and began

moving up its dry bed.

"Why, Cap," cried Nordine, "don'cher square up to the big rocks whar we fust saw the devils?"

"That is just where I wish to go," said

Captain Denton.

"Up we go, then," said Nordine; and, turning to Colrick, he added in a lower tone, "a thing with two heads is mighty little account, whether it's an expedition

or a young bull-calf."

As they ascended the arroyo its sides became more and more rocky until, within three hundred yards of its head, it was a veritable cañon. Here they halted, and above the floor of the cañon, and not a the captain rode alone to the summit. After a considerable interval, he returned "bait," was a sort of natural breastwork on foot and moved his men about fifty of rocks. They set to work to improve yards higher up. He and Colrick then this by placing huge stones on the nattook from the pack-mule their last whole ural ledge, so as to form loopholes, taksack of flour, -a fifty pound one, - and, ing care so to dispose of them that they lifting it high over his head, the captain would not attract attention. threw it upon the ground with such force as to burst it open.

"Now, come on," he said; "there is

bait for our game."

The men gazed on the flour thus sacrificed with long faces and drooping under lips, but they uttered no word of remonstrance, although they could not imagine what their leader was about. At the head of the cañon they again dismounted, and, leading their horses, they followed Capnorth wall of the cañon, until they came on which were a number of small pine across the mesa on a gallop. and juniper trees. The captain's horse saw them puzzle at the creek for a short

"What you want-after all the trouble was fastened to one of them, and alongside of him the men hitched their animals, and the "John-day-zin."

"Now," said Captain Ben, "if any of us has to retreat, we shall have our horses, here back of us. I have been up this ravine, and it leads to a big, flattopped hill, from which there is a choice of a dozen pretty fair routes in as many directions. I hardly think we shall have to scamper out of the ravine in this way, but before going into a fight it is always best to mark out a good and safe line of retreat."

"This is fine, Cap," said Nordine. "Couldn't have been made better to

order."

"It leaves our animals safe from flying know that this 'ere gulch'll take us right bullets, which is allers a good thing in a bit of a scrimmage," added Colrick.

> "Nothing like manœuvering to get the choice of ground," said Captain Ben. "It's everything in a game with these fellows. Now let us take a look at our breastworks.'

> A fairly direct path was found to a point on the high and rocky wall of the cañon just opposite to the abandoned sack of flour, apparently dropped in the hurry and excitement of retreat. There, at a height of about seventy-five feet hundred yards distant from the captain's

> > III.

## THE FIGHT.

These arrangements completed, they made a hearty breakfast upon the food prepared the previous night, and before any signs of daylight appeared. Captain Ben was on the alert with the first streaks of dawn., Ascending a high rock tain Ben along a kind of rough trail that near at hand he began to sweep the whole wound eastward among the rocks of the mesa with his field-glass. It was not long before he signaled his men that the to a small lateral ravine. This, after a five Apaches had come out of the grove turn or two, opened out upon a little flat and were on their trail, riding northward

time, two going up and two down the stream. As he expected, the two downstream signaled to the fifth, who had been left standing at the ford, and soon they were all examining the strange trail. Plainly it did not take them long to arrive at a conclusion, for they all moved off together on the trails left by the muffled animals. Presently one of them found a lost hoof muffler, and, after holding it aloft for a moment, tossed it high in the air in derision. Crouching low upon the rock, the captain watched the advancing Indians until they galloped down into the big arroyo. Then he clambered down and found his men stretched lazily upon their backs behind the impromptu breastworks.

"Get up, boys," he said, "and stretch the kinks out of your arms and legs; it's time for business. They are dashing in here like a pack of fools, and won't be

satisfied until they get hurt."

Knowing the bad effects of a long susheld the news until the moment for action was near. Nordine and Colrick took up their rifles and held themselves in readiness, Captain Ben placing himself at a loophole between the two. They had not long to wait. Shortly the five braves rounded a bend of the cañon and rode carelessly and slowly up its now steep bed; some of them were even talking and laughing. When they came in sight of the sack of flour they pulled up, craning their necks and pointing and jabber-At last one of them ventured to ride ahead and investigate, and, on reaching the sack, he laughed heartily and shouted out to his companions, "Eccahn!" (flour). At this all hands took up the cry, and were soon bunched around the sack, talking rapidly, each speaker ending with a wave of the hand toward the head of the cañon; this was as much as to say that those who had thrown away their flour had fled over the mountains. Although the Indians presented fair marks, Captain Ben whispered to his men to hold back.

It soon became evident that the Apaches could not leave the flour behind. They took a blanket off one of the horses, and two of them began to roll the bursted sack in it, another throwing them a few feet of small rope.

"Now, Dick," said Captain Ben, "your man ties the rope; Burt, yours is beside him on the ground. Keep them covered, and when I fire, turn loose. My chance is when I get two of them in range."

A moment later Captain Ben fired, and the reports of the guns of his companions instantly followed. The captain's shot killed one Indian and dropped the horse of another. One of the dismounted Indians was also killed, and both loose horses turned and stampeded down the cañon. The three left alive were for a moment bewildered, and looked about in every direction but the right one to discover whence had come the shots.

"Now it is three against three," said Captain Ben. "Give them some more." Again the three rifles cracked, and an-

other pony fell.

The survivors now caught sight of the barricade, and immediately began to return fire briskly with their Winchesters. The Indian to whom a horse still repense, the captain had purposely with- mained dismounted, and all three sheltered themselves behind it.

> "Colrick," cried the captain, "knock over that pony. Dick and I will pepper the fellows behind it if they show their

heads."

Colrick accomplished this by a welldirected shot, and thus left the three Indians exposed. But almost in a twinkling they dragged two of the dead ponies, piled them across the body of the third, and were safely ensconced behind the breastworks thus formed, notwithstanding the bullets the captain and Nordine had sent whistling about them while they were at work.

The Apaches now being almost as well sheltered as the whites, the firing on both sides became more cautious and less rapid. It was very soon seen that under proper shelter the Indians were cool, keen-sighted, and very dangerous riflemen. They seemed able to see into the very port-holes of the stone breastworks: a proof of this was the fact that Colrick had soon lost a piece of an ear, and Captain Denton a bunch of hair with a little bit of scalp attached.

"This is all foolishness," said the captain. "This sort of duel just suits those fellows, but we can't afford to gratify them in it. We must put a stop to their

fun before one of us gets hurt."

"Easily enough," answered Captain Ben: " and we may as well end the business at once. Nordine, slip out of this, circle round the head of the cañon and take shelter among the rocks on the south in front. Make your first shot from the rear count, Nordine, for the crack of your rifle on that side of the cañon will bring the fight to a focus."

firing on neither side was rapid nor regular; it was more of a game of close watchmoment or two after Nordine had left the

breastwork, he said:

"Colrick, I can keep up appearances and do all the firing here, so you may make your way among the rocks and get into the canon below. When Nordine shoots, those left alive will make a break down the caffon. After your first shot drop your rifle and use your revolver. will only use my Winchester once, and then dash down after those fellows with my six-shooter; so you'll not have all the fun to yourself."

"But, Cap, suppose the fellers run up the cañon when Nordine opens fire to the

rear?" questioned Colrick.

"They'll not do it. They'll break down the cañon; there are two loose ponies down there, you know."

"You're right, Cap; here goes for it." "Drop in at the first bend of the cañon, and keep out of sight," whispered Captain Ben as Colrick began creeping away behind the reefs of rock. Then the captain began to fire several shots in rapid succession in order to keep the Indians amused, after which he resumed his former cautious firing, in the expectation, each moment, of hearing the crack of Nordine's rifle.

Presently, the awaited report came, and the three Indians sprang up from behind the dead ponies, one to fall backward upon the ground almost instantly. Taken by surprise, the two remaining turned and cast their eyes up toward the rocky south wall of the cañon. They stood thus ex-

"How can we do it, Cap?" asked Col- a puff of smoke from behind the rocky breastwork, and one of them pitched forward and fell with his face to the ground. The other at once bounded away down the cañon.

Captain Denton gave a shrill, peculiar yelp for a signal to Colrick, and, dropping side, while Colrick and I keep up the fire his rifle, jumped to the rocks below and made his way to the bottom. He had run but a few yards when he heard Colrick's shot, and in another minute the Indian came dashing up the cañon with his In a moment Nordine was worming his right arm dangling. Seeing the captain way among the rocks on his errand. The running toward him, his revolver in readiness, the wounded brave took to the rocks. Unfortunately for himself, howing for opportunities than of shooting, ever, he chose the south wall of the Captain Ben recognized this fact, and in a cañon; he scaled the rocks with the agility of a mountain-sheep, making good use of his legs, though crippled in an arm, while both Colrick and the captain peppered

"Nordine!" shouted Captain Ben, in a voice to awaken the dead.

The answer was the crack of a rifle well up on the south wall and the fleeing Indian tumbled backward. The fight was over and not a single one of the Apache band remained alive.

IV.

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOIL.

Being now masters of the field, our prospectors had time for a critical examination of their fallen foes. They proved to be well-built and powerful men, only one above middle age. The oldest of the party appeared about fifty-five, and was, undoubtedly, a chief, as he wore a buckskin helmet beautifully beaded and surmounted with three eagle feathers. He had been killed at the first fire. Two others also wore buckskin helmets and were probably braves and "medicinemen," as the backs of their helmets were made of the tanned skins of the tails of horses, so sewed in that the long, black hair would quite cover the back and shoulders of the wearer. The chief's helmet, however, had a shorter fringe of this black hair at the back and sides, and was, apparently, the mane of a horse. All wore bracelets of buckskin hung with shells posed for the winking of an eye, but that and small gold and silver coins. Their was sufficient for the captain. There was moccasins (inday-bekay), of buckskin



SEARCHING THE SLAIN.

pine quills dyed in several bright colors. of note. mets was found a beautiful "medicinebag" of otter skin, containing "totems," with colored feathers, shells, and the say, Burt?" skins of lizards of brilliant hue. Two of claws, puma teeth, and shells.

While these articles of dress and ornament were being examined, Captain Ben suddenly exclaimed:

"I have just thought of a good dodge, boys. Here we have the means of disguising ourselves as a party of high-up Apaches-a big chief and two first-class 'medicine-men!' And I know how to who was stripping a beautiful buckskin work the scheme of our being out on a shirt off one of the bodies. "Why, by secret medicine mission' to some disthe Lord Harry! If this fellow haint got

handsomely ornamented, were the kind tant branch of the tribe. We are not yet that, in the shape of leggings, reach to out of the Indian country, and the beauty the knees, as a protection against cacti of a 'medicine mission' is that no Apache and thorns. The shirts of some were of dare approach the party composing it when the same material, fringed and covered he is waved back, and the sign of the with beadwork, small shells, and porcu- mission and that of the branch tribe to which it is going is given. Here we have Everything showed the party to be men the dresses, the 'medicine-stick,' and all Their clothing and blankets else required, and at the sign language were new and clean. Inside the shirt I am equal to any Apache in the country. of one of those who wore horsetail hel- I have practised it among a dozen different tribes."

"Just the racket!" cried Nordine. while with another was a "medicine- "You take the chief's outfit, and we'll wand," about two feet long, decorated do the medicine fellows. What do you

"Oh, I'm in for it. I've always had a the party also wore necklaces of bears' sorter sneakin' notion for Injun finery, and here's a chance to come out in grand style."

> "Well, pick out the best and finest shirts, moccasins, ornaments, and everything else. We'll take all their ammunition, and hide their Winchesters and other weapons," said the captain.

> "What! Why, Cap!" cried Nordine,

a regular money-belt around his waist—see!"

"Take it off," said the captain.

In a second the belt was off and opened, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found to be stuffed with greenbacks—and nearly all one hundred dollar bills.

"Something worth fighting for!" cried

Captain Ben.

"Here's another belt on this one!" ex-

claimed Colrick.

The other bodies were quickly examined, and on all were found either belts or Indian made pouches replete with bills of high denominations. Then Nordine went off to search the Apache he had shot up on the south wall, and soon came back with a fifth well-filled belt.

"Well, this beats the devil!" cried the

captain.

"How do yer account fer the Injuns being so loaded with money, Cap?" asked

Nordine.

"Robbery and murder," replied the captain. "These fellows were the head men of a big war party on a grand raid. They've probably killed one or two cattle kings, a government paymaster, a big mining operator, and captured a mailcoach or two. These fellows whose accounts we've just settled constituted themselves treasurers of all the money captured on the raid. They were too sharp to let the common bucks fool away that which, if spent judiciously, would buy a vast deal of ammunition and other needed supplies. We've got to clear out of this whole section now as soon as possible, because their war party can't be very far away. They're probably camped not many miles west of this range. If the five braves do not return at the time appointed, the whole party will be over here, red hot."

"What d'ye s'pose brought the five big ones up this way, Cap?" inquired

Nordine.

"Well, I think they were on the way to cache their money in some cavern or hole known to them in these cliffs. When we turned up they decided to take us in, and cache all their plunder at one time. It is likely they were to be absent only a night, and so it won't do to settle down here alongside their dead bodies. You fellows go up the ravine and bring down our stock, and be spry about it."

The men were soon back with the animals, and loaded the mule and all the horses with the spoils of war, not forgetting the sack of flour, which was found wrapped in a valuable Navajo blanket. The party then moved down the big arroyo on a brisk walk; it was impossible to go fast, cumbered as they were with the plunder. A hiding-place for the Winchesters and other weapons of the Indians was discovered after about half a mile, and, thus lightened, they were able to proceed at a trot. Presently Nordine ventured to ask:

"Where are we striking for now,

Cap?"

"There are a good many reasons for going back to the creek. Not to the grove where our camp was, but to the little one where the Apaches put up—their last on this side of the happy hunting-grounds." We'll find the two loose Indian ponies down there, and we want them now. What we ought to do is to start north at once; in stopping another night on the creek I am letting love of ease take the place of good judgment, but we'll risk it to-night, though we rue it to-morrow."

"We'll go on your judgment, Cap,"

said Nordine.

"Not my judgment, but my laziness."
"Well," said Colrick, "we'll trust you,
Cap, in any shape. Perhaps we ain't
worth much at headwork, but when it
comes to fighting—that's different."

Captain Denton went to the small grove for better reasons than he gave. He left the larger and more attractive camping place to be occupied by any band of Indians that might happen along toward evening, taking for his camp a patch of brushwood hardly noticeable, and so situated as to be hidden from view, except to one in top of the largest tree in the upper grove.

The two escaped horses proved to be Mexican mustangs, and equal in size and beauty to their own mounts. Evidently, they had been stolen from whites, because, after the other animals were picketed, they came up and allowed themselves to

be handled.

A hasty meal was then despatched, and the captain settled down to the task of counting the contents of the five belts. His manner, as he proceeded, first betokened surprise, and then wonder. Finally, he asked the men to guess at the amount. Colrick thought it might be three thousand dollars, and Nordine four thousand five hundred. The captain, in reply, began taking up the belts.

"This," he said, "contains six thousand five hundred dollars; this, nine thousand dollars; this, five thousand dollars; this, four thousand five hundred dollars, and this four thousand dollars. That makes twenty-nine thousand dollars, boys, doesn't it?"

This seemed to them something fabulous. The captain handed them his notebook, and they went over his figures again and again before they were convinced, and even then they feared he had made a mistake in counting the bills.

" If I had known this before," said the captain, "I would not have come back here; I would have pushed north all night long. So much money makes a man cowardly. I have a presentiment that we are going to have trouble - we have had just a little too much good luck. Now, for fear of accidents, I shall divide this money into three equal lots."

The men wanted to take five thousand dollars each, but Captain Ben would not hear of it, and each received equal portions, one-third of the whole. This matter settled, the other work to be done proceeded rapidly. They were all soon clean-shaven, and, having made a decoction of two or three kinds of bark, they stained their hands and faces a good and durable Apache color. When they had donned their Indian dress, they would have passed in any frontier town as genuine braves. Captain Ben made a noblelooking chief in his eagle-plumed helmet for recoverin' a stack of that size, if them and beaded and fringed skirt, and Colrick was prouder than any Apache dandy in the Sierra Madre. He was now given' instructions by the captain upon several points of his new rôle of chief medicineman.

The clothing they had discarded was made into convenient bundles, and everything put in preparation for an early start in the morning. As the saddles found on the mustangs were of Mexican make, and new, it was decided to retain them, as bundles of clothing and other light articles could be easily packed on top of

ing blankets over all. All the necessary work was finished before sunset. The captain closely examined the large grove, and, finding it unoccupied, seemed again at ease in mind; nevertheless, he led his men away in the dark to an insignificant patch of willows standing alone a hundred vards down the creek, where all quietly rolled themselves in their blankets and were soon sound asleep.

IN THE HANDS OF MEXICAN SOLDIERS.

With the first gray streaks of dawn of the coming day Captain Denton and his companions were astir. After making a hearty breakfast, they packed the mules and the newly acquired mustangs, mounted their horses and set out, just as the sun was peeping over the top of the eastern range. They moved directly up the creek, past the upper grove, and thence struck northward across the mesa toward the ford from which they had turned back two nights before. It was a bright and beautiful morning, and they moved gaily forward, discussing their luck in the capture of so great a sum of money-an amount that would give to each a small fortune.

"But," said Captain Ben, "when we reach the settlement we must make some inquiry to find out the names of those from whom it was taken."

"I s'pose that would be the right thing to do," said Nordine. "Still, after sich a big fight as we've had, it'll be kinder hard to give it up."

"I reckon we'll be allowed decent wages as proves property don't happen to be a set of miserable skinflints," remarked Colrick.

"In regard to that," said Captain Ben, "we must again trust to luck; besides, we are not yet out of the Indian country, and there is many a slip between cup and lip in the Sierra Madre.'

The captain turned on his saddle and glanced back toward his companions, who were following in Indian file, and as he sat thus they could see his expression suddenly change.

"By Jove, look yonder!" and he them, and firmly bound in place by lash-pointed back toward the low ridge on the south border of the mesa, and at that with sense enough to know what it identical ridge on the crest of which they had stood a few days before, watching the

"Them fellers looks like soldiers of some kind," said Colrick. "They ain't

no Injuns, that's sure."

"No, but about as bad," said the captain, who had his field-glass upon the party. "They're a squad of infernal greaser soldiers!"

"They've spotted us, and are a-comin' for us like mad," cried Nordine. "They

take us for Injuns."

"Sure enough," exclaimed the captain, "I had almost forgotten our disguise. In this case it is a bad one for us. We'll have to let them know we are Americans. or they will soon be firing at us. Nothing could possibly be worse for us than this rig-it will place us in their power almost completely, and give them a chance to accuse us of being out on a robbing expedition. They have us in a bad box, that's sure."

"Twelve of 'em," said Nordine, rue-

fully.

" A hundred would be no worse," said the captain. "We must mail them a letter, and then fall back out of range to await developments."

"Mail them a letter!" exclaimed Col-

rick, in surprise.

In reply, Captain Ben tore a blank leaf from his note-book and wrote: " Nos tres buenos Americanos. Todo mascarada identico Indiano."

This note was pinned to a white handkerchief, and, riding to a bunch of yuccas, Captain Ben fastened it to a branch that extended out like an arm. Then, waving his feathered helmet to the advancing troop of Mexicans, he rejoined his companions, and they all rode on some distance, where they halted and faced about.

"Now," said the captain, "remember that not a man of us understands more than a few very common Spanish words. The note is written in such mongrel jumble that they will never guess I understand their language. Literally it reads: "We three good Americans, all masquerade same Indians."

"They're goin' for the letter," said Nor-

means," Captain Ben replied.

The troopers appeared to puzzle over the note for a time, and then advanced a few yards. They placed the handkerchief on a musket and held it aloft as a flag of truce. Captain Denton and his companions instantly and fearlessly went forward. The captain shook hands with the lieutenant in charge, crying heartily over and over again, "Buenos dias, señor!" slapping himself on the chest, and saying impressively, "Un Amigo."

It seemed, indeed, quite superfluous to ask the captain if he spoke Spanish, but out of politeness the lieutenant did ask,

"Habla Español, señor?"

"Un poco bueno no mas sabe," said the captain, smiling serenely.

"De donde viene usted?" inquired the lieutenant.

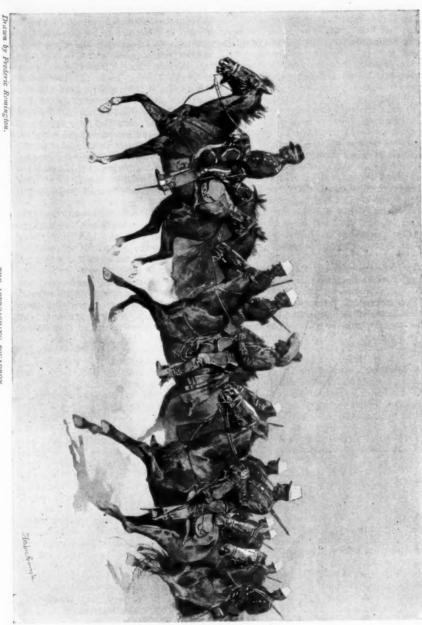
"Como, señor?" said Captain Ben, looking puzzled, "Que es esto?"

"Clearly he understands nothing," said the lieutenant to a man near him. "We must have an interpreter. Manuel Otero!"

A soldier stepped forward; he spoke English fairly well, and Captain Ben was asked to give an account of himself and his companions. With the exception of the greenbacks, he told the truth, and explained fully their object in disguising themselves.

The lieutenant was very polite, and lauded their courage in attacking and killing so strong a party of Apache braves. Then he asked the captain to guide him to the spot where the Indians had been killed. The captain replied that he could direct them so that they could not miss the bodies. But the Mexican pointed out that to find a party thus masquerading was a somewhat suspicious circumstance; that it seemed almost incredible that three men should be able to overcome five leading Apache braves, and, therefore, they must excuse him for asking them to go with him.

"You will understand," said he, "that I am obliged to trouble you, because you are strangers to me. I do not doubt your ability to substantiate your story, but I have to perform my duty faithfully toward my government, and, therefore, must make no mistakes. Besides, it will be only a "I hope there's a man among them little out of your direct route."



Ben said to the interpreter:

"Tell him I will guide him to where the bodies lie, with the greatest of pleasure."

On hearing this, the lieutenant smiled pleasantly, and, turning to one near him, said in Spanish, and in a low tone:

"They really have killed the Indians. Would that we knew whether they had found any of the American money."

The man said, in reply:

"We were on the track: if the money cannot be found on the bodies, then these if they have the money? Manuel can explain how it was lost."

"It would be of little use," replied the lieutenant, "they would deny it. Howout in pursuit of the Indians, and meantime we can watch their faces."

Not a word of this was lost to Captain Ben, who was seemingly absorbed in telling Manuel the particulars of the fight

of the previous day.

In giving his instructions to Manuel, the lieutenant cautioned him to be careful to use the word "traders" instead of "smugglers." The latter then turned to the captain and said:

"We are searching for a war party of Apaches who have murdered and robbed several traders, on Mexican soil, who were returning from a trip over the border. Besides much valuable property, over thirty thousand dollars of United States money was taken from them."

"Money!" cried Captain Ben. "Who would think of the Apaches having

money?"

"I told you they would deny finding it," said the officer to the man to whom

he had been talking.

Still, the readiness of Captain Ben to show them the bodies puzzled the lieutenant. He once more became very polite, and assured the captain repeatedly that he need not fear being placed under any restraint, and thanked him again for his kindness in consenting to guide them to protestations the captain answered:

"Gracias, gracias, señor comandante!" The united parties were soon on their

Seeing there was no help for it, Captain rode with Captain Ben, and just in front of them the Mexican lieutenant and one or two of his chums; Nordine and Colrick brought up the rear, the latter leading the pack-animals, which he had tied together in a string. The captain, while he was drawing from the interpreter the details of the robbery, kept his ears open to catch the conversation of the lieutenant and his two companions. It appeared from what the interpreter said that a party of ten traders had been murdered; but he dwelt particularly on the theft of the money. When the captain men have it. Why not ask them at once bluntly said that such a rich and successful body of traders must have been smugglers, the soldier smiled knowingly and remarked:

"Our pay is very little from the govever, Manuel may tell them why we are ernment, and we should fare but badly if we did not pick up something from friends along the border. If we could recover this American money it would be

so much clear gain to us."

This information, and much more that was similar, was not without its significance to the captain, and would have brought the interpreter a slap from the sword of his lieutenant, had that officer known of his indiscretion. In the meantime, the plottings of the officer and his two companions had not escaped the captain. These worthies had decided between them to put him and his two men out of the way, if no money were found upon the dead Apaches.

"They are in Indian dress, and will

count as Indians," they said.

The plan was to accuse them of being concerned in the robbery, disguised as Indians, and to tell them that they must submit to be taken back to Mexico as prisoners for trial; then to shoot them down as soon as they were bound, and to leave their bodies with those of the Apaches. All this was so coolly designed that Captain Denton could hardly believe his ears as he looked upon the smiling faces that were turned back to him from time to time.

When the arroyo was reached the capthe scene of the fight. To each of these tain told Manuel Otero to ask the lieutenant to halt for a moment. He told the officer, through the interpreter, that he had reason to believe that there were still way across the mesa. They moved in no other Apaches in the neighborhood, and Manuel Otero, the interpreter, that therefore it would be well to proceed cautiously up the arroyo, and to put the greater number of his men ahead of the pack-animals. The lieutenant smilingly assented, but at the same time his face wore a perplexed look, as though he were trying to fathom any trick that might be in the captain's mind. However, upon entering the arroyo, he took the lead with eight of his men, and Manuel and another soldier were left to ride beside the captain and Nordine. The soldier in charge of the pack-animals of the detachment remained in the rear with Colrick. Although he pretended to comply with Captain Denton's advice, it was evident that the lieutenant intended to keep the three Americans pretty well under guard. He genially asked the captain if the order of march was satisfactory to him; to this Captain Denton replied:

"Perfectly so."

While the men were being shifted to their places, the captain found an opportunity to whisper to Nordine: "When I shoot the man next me and give the Apache war-whoop, follow suit with your man, and then go for the rocks and make for the ravine where we had our horses concealed."

Nordine replied by a slight nod. In a few minutes the captain told Manuel that, as he was thirsty, he would go back to the pack-animals for a canteen of water. The unsuspecting soldier said that he, too, was thirsty. Thus, in getting the canteen, the captain was enabled to give Colrick the same order he had passed to Nordine.

Then Captain Denton assumed a careless air and began to joke with Manuel concerning the profit in watching smugglers, and said he had a notion to join the army and go into the business on the American side. The soldier thought him more than half in earnest and assured him that no little money would fall into his hands.

VI.

AN AMBUSCADE — THE MEXICANS IN A HORNET'S NEST.

Nordine and Colrick, though ignorant of the treacherous plot of the Mexicans, were far from being at ease. They had more fear of the loss of the wealth they carried than of their lives, and both determined to obey the captain's orders to



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THE MEETING WITH THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

for them, and as they passed from the arrovo of the mesa to the cañon of the mountains and drew near to the scene of their battle with the Apaches, each managed to loosen his revolver in its scabbard.

Presently they rounded a bend in the mesa, they left the arroyo. caffon. Captain Ben saw that the lieutenant and his men were nearing the spot where the dead Indians and ponies lay; glancing at Nordine and Colrick, he noted that they were both close to their men. Then he turned to Manuel, whose attention he called to an object on a high rock on the north side of the caffon, and asked him if it were not the head of an "Indiano." Manuel looked, as also did Nordine's guard, when he heard the word "Indiano." An instant later, while both were still gazing up at the rock, two revolvers cracked almost simultaneously. and Manuel and his Mexican comrade fell to the ground with bullets through their hearts. At the same moment Colrick fired upon his man, breaking his right arm, but not bringing him down. All three raised the Apache war-cry, and, to their astonishment, it was echoed by more than a score of wild voices up the cafion, accompanied by the sharp crack of as many rifles. The yells of the Mexican soldiers could also be heard mingling with the reports of their muskets.

As the Mexican wounded by Colrick was trying to pass the captain and Nordine, they brought him down with their revolvers, and then, with the Apache warcry, stampeded his horse and pack-animals up the caffon, to add to the confusion of the soldiers, into whose midst the riderless horses had already charged.

"Keep up the yell!" cried Captain Denton. "It will encourage the Apaches, and prevent the Mexicans from falling

back on us."

The firing up the caffon was almost incessant, and, with the yells of the combatants the place was a very pandemonium. Wafted by a gentle western breeze, the smoke of the battle filled and almost darkened the caffon.

the letter. And when the captain, with and get out of this patch of country!" a meaning look, carelessly drew his fin- shouted Captain Denton. "Cut loose ger across his throat, they needed no down the cañon, Colrick, but don't go more to assure them of the fate in store faster than a trot, and hang on to the packanimals. There is no such hurry that we need leave them behind."

In a moment, all had rounded the bend and were out of sight, even though a puff of wind had cleared the cañon of smoke.

When our party reached the level of the

"We must keep close in against the mountains," said Captain Ben, "because the Apaches have a lookout up there somewhere on the rock, and they are sweeping every part of the mesa. They never set a trap to fall into it themselves; besides, they very naturally fear that the squad of Mexicans they are fighting are merely scouts sent out by a larger force that is after them. If we keep close in along the base of the range, we shall get away without being seen by their lookouts."

"Was that a lookout you pointed out to Manuel, Cap?" asked Nordine.

"No, it was nothing but a bit of rock. Poor Manuel! Poor devil! It was like murder to place my pistol against his side and blow his simple heart out. But all the chances were against us then, and it had to be done. If the Apaches had only opened fire an instant sooner, I might have seen my way to letting him live."

"Mighty little good it would have done the feller; he would have been dropped the next minute by the Injuns. I don't feel sorry about my rascal. He wore a murderous mug," said Nordine.

"Hark!" cried Colrick, who had fallen to the rear with his string of animals on getting out of the arroyo. "Hark, they are still banging up there on the mountain."

"Yes, but the firing is less rapid now," said the captain. "They are beginning to get down to business. The Mexicans have enough horses and packs to build a good fort, but the Apaches will wipe them out-they have the advantage of the rocks on both sides of the caffon.'

" I'll bet thar's a lot of 'em behind our old breastworks," said Nordine.

"Those Apaches were coming for us. too," said the captain, " and they would have got us if the Mexicans had not hap-"Now is our time, boys, to slip away pened along. When they saw us leave the mesa and enter the arroyo they pre- the same manœuvers were gone through pared their ambuscade."

"Wonder what they thought when they seed us three Indians with the greasers?" queried Nordine.

have on, and thought we were Mexicans who had been concerned in killing their friends, but after hearing us utter the crossed the creek. Apache war-cry, and seeing us slaughter that we were the ghosts of their braves helping them, and no one will ever be

able to make them think differently." "See what a cloud of smoke there is bangin' away."

"Two hours hence," said the captain, "not a Mexican will be left alive."

"Good riddance!" replied Nordine,

The captain then told his companions of the plot laid by the Mexicans. He pointed out that they were at liberty to keep the money that they had captured, since it had been taken from unknown Mexican smugglers killed by the Apaches. At this the delight of Nordine and Colrick knew no bounds; never before in his life had either possessed, at one time, the fifth part of such a sum as he now had belted on his body.

time, to the ford at the northern extremity of the mesa. The captain was still far from at ease, however, while Nordine and Colrick were guessing as to how they were finally to get out of this country, when they perceived, rising at full gallop coats and broad hats of a detachment of United States cavalry.

Very little remains to be told. How those of the Sierra Madre.

as with the Mexicans, and how, on drawing near, Captain Ben recognized in the captain of the troop an old friend of his scouting days. How they revisited the "They knew the caps and clothing we cañon, where nothing was left to tell the tale of the battle but dead bodies. Under the escort of the cavalry they finally

Once on the other side, they fell upon the greasers, they undoubtedly believe a well-worn trail and pushed northward as rapidly as possible. At their first night's camping they changed their Indian dress for their old clothes, and, in a few days, without further mishap of any up there," cried Colrick. "They are still kind, they arrived safe and sound in Lordsburgh, on the Southern Pacific railroad.

> Not before two or three days were Nordine and Colrick able to realize that they were secure in the possession of the money. They were thereby cured of all desire for further adventure in the wilds. It was Captain Ben Denton's opinion that they had earned a right to peace and quiet for the remainder of their days, and as soon as they had disposed of their "spoils of war," they pushed on to California. Once there, Captain Ben purchased two fine adjoining ranches, one for each.

As for the captain, he deposited his They were drawing near, for the third money in a San Francisco bank, and after a few weeks of rest, struck out for Montana, and once more roamed and prospected over his old scouting trails and battle-grounds. He was in the thick of the "Indian trouble" at Pine Ridge and Wounded Knee, and did good service as over the edge of a sandy hillock, the blue a scout and bearer of despatches. But among the Indians there he was more at home than he could claim to be with





7 HIST, in America, has become within the past few years not only wonderfully popular, but a thoroughly scientific game. To thousands it is undoubtedly popular, and always will remain so, without being exactly scien-Time and study are required for hustling American has not always been dish himself upon Miss Kate Irwin

a large number the game has come to mean something more than mere temporary amusement. Five or six years ago the really expert players could be counted almost on the fingers of two hands; now they are numbered by the hundred. In fact, Americans have become recognized the world over, wherever whist has a high standing, as authorities on the game, and the reputation of many of our lead-

the authority of first rank, was surprised when he visited this country two years ago, both at the remarkable progress of the game and the number of first-class players. It was a revelation to him, and he admitted, what may not generally be known, that the standard of whist was higher in the United States than in England, and that our clubs had a larger percentage of scientific players than the English clubs. If Cavendish might be called the king of whist, America has the the latter, two necessities which the whist queen, a title bestowed by Cavenwilling or able to give. But a decided Wheelock, a lady whose abilities he recchange has recently taken place, and to ognized and admired, and one of the few

women who has studied the game from a purely scientific standpoint.

The present enthusiasm can hardly be called a whist revival, as never before has there been anything like it in the United States. It is more in the nature of a whist boom, and it has extended all over the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Although barely of five years' growth, the interest has been continually



HENRY JONES. "CAVENDISH."

1. C. W. 1. 1. 315

sor. Nor have the whist devotees been Jersey Athletic clubs. vicinities.

the game has had a wonderful growth, so strong hold, but in New York the game

much so, that in nearly all of the social clubs it has become one of the prominent features, while the smaller clubs which have been organized, not so much for pleasure as for the scientific ! an study of the game. are very numerous. Bankers, ministers, lawyers, doctors, mi merchants, the old and the young, women as well as men, have all attested, not only to their love for the game, but to a desire to learn more of its Brooklyn claims the

honor of having the largest number of cago having a perfect host of able players whist clubs of any city in America, if not and a number of flourishing clubs. San in the world, not even London excepted. Francisco, also, has not been one whit beeral of the more prominent clubs banded possessing an unusually large number of together and formed the Inter-Club Whist proficient players among the fair sex. In league, for the purpose of holding annual some of the San Francisco clubs, the championship tournaments. From the women play in the club-rooms as regustart the league was a pronounced suc- larly as the men, and in this respect the cess, and during the past winter twelve west is undoubtedly in advance of the clubs have been battling for supremacy, east. their respective teams being composed of

progressive, and no evidences have form the New Jersey Whist league, which yet appeared to show that a definite was organized last fall with six clubs, limit has been reached. The present and has just finished its first championseason has been characterized by as much ship State tournament. These clubs are: renewed activity as was the case in each The Park club, of Plainfield; Montclair, of the years since 1891 over its predeces- Fanwood, Elizabeth, Newark, and New A New Jersey drawn from any particular locality. Scat- Whist association has since been organtered here and there from New York to ized, which includes the above-mentioned San Francisco are a number of unmis- clubs, with the addition of the Orange takable whist centers, whose influence Whist club, the Elizabeth Athletic, and has been strongly felt in their respective the Elizabeth Chess and Checker clubs.

In New York, Boston, and Albany, as In the east, Brooklyn and Philadelphia well as in many smaller cities in this secare the most conspicuous. In Brooklyn, tion of the country, whist has obtained a

> has not yet come to city or club.

Chicago, Minneapolis, and Milwaukee whist centers, Chi-

be so important a feature of club life as in the city across the bridge. Philadelphia, next to Brooklyn, has the largest number of representative clubs in the United States. The fame of the Hamilton club is known far and wide, and it has no difficulty in bringing out fully a hundred experts when a particularly big match is to be played with a rival

About two years ago, when the enthusiasm hind any of the other cities in whist activwas not nearly so great as it is now, sev- ity, and she is particularly fortunate in

The American Whist league, which the very finest players in Brooklyn. This was organized in 1891, has really done example set by Brooklyn undoubtedly more for the game in this country than had considerable effect in prompting the had been accomplished in all the precedadmirers of the game in New Jersey to ing years. The league gave a tone and



hidden possibilities, EUGENE S. ELLIOTT, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE are all prominent AMERICAN WHIST LEAGUE.

waukee club, and who for a long time had been a careful student of the game, broached the idea of holding a tournament of all the whist players in the United States, for the purpose " of becoming better acquainted." This was in 1890, and his club was quick to act upon it. The possibilities of such a meeting were at once recognized, and the subject having assumed something of the nature of a national discussion, it was found that the whist players

of the United States thought it would not assume to make corrections. Moregress may prescribe."

solidity to whist, which it had never be- 14, 1891, and acted upon all these subfore possessed. While the cardinal prin- jects. Thirty-six clubs were represented ciples of the game are practically the by eighty-three delegates. Among the same as they were a century or more ago, prominent clubs present at this first whist there was a wide difference in the general meeting, beside the Milwaukee club, were rules and various systems of play. In the Albany Whist club, the Capital Bicythe absence of a definite organization, the cle club, of Washington, D. C.; the Enfew whist clubs in existence prior to 1891, glewood club, of Chicago; the Hamilton pursued such methods as they deemed club, of Philadelphia; the Minneapolis proper, irrespective, in great measure, Chess, Checker, and Whist club; the of what was done by other clubs or play- Narragansett Whist club, of Providence, ers. The game lacked system. The lead- R. I.; and the Pomfret club, of Easton, ing players recognized this, but it re- Pa. Brooklyn was not represented, and mained with the Milwaukee Whist club her leading whist men have regretted it to pave the way for a more perfect union. ever since. From this congress sprang Eugene S. Elliott, president of the Mil- the American Whist league, which has

since been universally recognized as the authority on the game in this

country.

The code of laws as it then existed was vigorously attacked and amended. This was known as the club code. It had been framed more than thirty years previous by the London clubs, and no change had been made since its adoption. If not exactly bad, it was, nevertheless, very defective. Even the English players growled at it, but, nevertheless, did



ROBERT H. WEEMS.

be wiser, instead of holding merely a over, it was not adapted to the game tournament, to call a convention of all as played in America. The counting the clubs in America. The Milwaukee of honors, then generally adhered to club did so, stating in its invitation that in England, had practically been disthe objects of such convention were "for carded in this country, while the the purpose of organizing an association number of tricks to a game had been of American whist clubs; of formulating increased from five to seven. The fiveand adopting a code of rules and regula- point game, or short whist, was more tions suitable to the American game; of particularly adapted to the game when a discussing, and, if practicable, of adopt- stake was a prominent feature. This had ing and promulgating a declaration of never been favorably regarded by Ameriprinciples on methods of play, and of can whist players, and the organizers of instituting a match, or series of matches, the league made such laws governing the to be played under such rules as the congame as would make it interesting for its own sake alone. The league in a very de-The congress met in Milwaukee, April cided manner discouraged the playing for

this has since been further reduced to thirty-nine.

The congress closed with a tournament, in which the Milwaukee players were pithundred and four contestants, all told,the largest whist tournament ever held in America up to that time. The home club won easily by over two hundred and fifty

points.

The delegates at that convention worthily accomplished their mission, and the success of the league has been greater than the most sanguine could have believed. The second congress was held in New York city, at the Manhattan Athletic club, July 19, 1892, and forty-eight clubs were represented. In 1893, Chicago had the congress, and delegates from sixtynine clubs were present. Last year the annual meeting was held in Philadelphia, and was the most successful of all, over one hundred clubs being represented.

These whist club congresses are conducted on a system practically similar to that of more lively sports. The championship of America is awarded to the club whose team makes the best record

numerous special prizes for individual and club scores. So the silent game is raised to a point of the utmost excitement and enthusiasm, which only a sincere lover of the game can fully appreciate. It takes a very skilful and level-headed player, when he realizes that the eyes of the entire whist community are upon him, to go through the ordeal without committing one or more unpardonable errors. And it may

stakes, and in many of our whist clubs to- seem a trifle odd to learn that the memday there is a stringent rule against even bers of some of these whist teams are put the most innocent species of gambling. through a regular course of training, just The club code, which consisted of ninety- as thorough for their purpose as that of a one laws, was improved and simplified. college football team or boating crew: It was cut down to sixty-one articles, and mental, as well as physical training, being necessary for the would-be whist champion. The congress generally remains in session a full week, for besides the various tournaments, new officers are ted against all others. There were one elected, and a great deal of business transacted. The Whist congress this year will meet in Minneapolis.

> The league has two distinct prizes; the first and most valuable being known as the Hamilton club trophy. It is a magnificent silver cup, and was presented to the league by Dr. M. H. Forrest, of the Hamilton club, Philadelphia. This is the championship prize, and the club winning it holds it one year. It was first played for in New York at the second congress, and the result was a tie between the Milwaukee Whist club and the Capital City Bicycle club, of Washington.

In many respects this was one of the most remarkable whist contests that has ever been seen. It was, indeed, a royal battle in a royal game. Sixteen clubs had entered the lists for the Forrest trophy, and when the two final contestants, the Capital Bicycle and the Milwaukee Whist clubs, sat down to their last match, interest among the delegates against all others, and there are also was at fever heat. Mr. Robert H. Weems,

of Brooklyn, now the corresponding secretary of the league, has given a a very graphic description of this memorable tournament. He says:

"The whist championship of America was being battled for by giants, and the possession of the emblem representing it, of solid silver, costing \$1500, was eagerly coveted. The Milwaukee club was known to be one of the strongest in the world. In over



KATE IRWIN WHEELOCK.

the Chicago Whist club, with forty players on each side. At the beginning of the tournament the general impression was that the match lay between the Milwaukees and the equally famous Hamilton club, of Philadelphia. But a surprise was in store. The Capital Biclub, of Chicago.

kees twice to secure the coveted prize. Twenty-four hands were played, and the score was a tie. Sixteen additional hands were played, resulting in another tie. Eight hands were then played, and the Capitals won by one trick. Eight men playing continuously for nearly seven hours had each played forty-eight hands of thirteen cards, or six hundred and twenty-four cards by each player. Nearly five thousand cards had been played

cally unable to resume play in the evening. America, and Chicago won by thirty-It was Saturday-the congress wanted to eight points. adjourn-and nothing remained to be done except to award the trophy. By mutual the Hamilton trophy is a silver cup, agreement the custody of the trophy was known as the American Whist league awarded to the Capital Bicycle club for trophy. It was first played for last year, the ensuing six months, and to the Mil- and Minneapolis had the honor of win-

in Chicago, the tie was played off, and somewhat different from those of the the Capital Bicycle club won, thus becoming the acknowledged champion for must hold itself open to challenge at certhe year 1892. The Minneapolis Whist tain intervals during the year, and if

forty contests they had been defeated club won the championship trophy in but once, and that in a match against 1893, and last year, at Philadelphia, the University club, of Chicago, won the coveted honor.

The congress at Chicago, in 1803, during the World's Fair, is memorable from the fact that Cavendish attended the meeting, and several special matches were arranged for him and the American experts. cycle was not greatly feared, and lost the Miss Kate Irwin Wheelock, better known first game it played to the University as the "Whist Queen," at that time the Thereafter it was a only lady who was a member of the continuous winner to the end, and finally league, there being now two, played in sat down with the unbeaten Milwaukees. the regular tournaments. After a hot Milwaukee had only to win one game fight for championship honors, the Minagainst the Capital Bicycle club, while neapolis Whist club won by a total score the Capitals had to beat the Milwau- of 1014 points, only five points ahead of

> the Milwaukee and Chicago. Whist clubs, which tied for second place at 1009. The Minneapolis club team is regarded by many as the strongest in the United States. The four players composing it are J. H. Briggs, O. H. Briggs, J. F. Whallon, and George L. Bunn.

The Chicago congress closed with a grand tournament of one hundred and " sixty players, the Chicago clubs playing against all the others. The Chicago

(4992 to be exact), and at the end, out of Whist club, by the way, is the largest in 1248 tricks, one side had taken just one point of membership in the country. In trick more than its adversary. The Mil- this contest Cavendish played for Chiwaukee men were exhausted and physicago, and Miss Wheelock for the rest of

The prize next in value and honor to waukee club for six months following," ning it. It is a silver cup, but the re-At the congress held the following year quirements governing its possession are



N. B. TRIST.

At the Philadelphia congress the whist ford, and Brooklyn whist clubs. clubs of that city offered a special trophy "The wonderful success of whist in The memoers of the Albany club whist indefatigable workers and best known

team; consisting of E. Leroy Smith, Barrington Lodge, George H. Snow, and George Chute, had the supreme satisfaction of carrying this handsome silver cup home with them.

Duplicate whist is the game played at these annual league contests, as well as by all the prominent clubs in their various tournaments. In its present high state of perfection, it is practically an American ...... form of the game. First brought prom-

at the Milwaukee

premium on individual ability, eliminat- hot contest with the Lincoln club. ing so far as possible, in a game where of luck. One of the chief advantages of can be published for future study.

beaten forfeits its right to the cup, into the thousands. One-fifth of all the The Minneapolis club, after success- clubs in the league are from the state of fully defending this trophy against New York, so in whist, as well as in some all comers in its vicinity, surrendered it, other things, she well upholds her title of in the interests of the game, to be played Empire State. Brooklyn, however, as for by the next two clubs in line of chal- previously has been mentioned, is the lenge, these being the Hamilton club, of star whist city. She has fourteen clubs Philadelphia, and the Chicago club. The in the league, including such well known former club won the cup, and since then ones as the Carleton, Lincoln, Montauk, it has been won by the Park club, of Union League, Excelsior, Midwood, Al-Plainfield, N. J., the Albany Whist club, gonquin, Hamilton, Hanover, Aurora and the Continental club, of New York. Grata, Marine and Field, Columbian, Ox-

known as the Record prize, to become the Brooklyn is due very largely to the efforts absolute property of the club winning it. of Mr. Robert H. Weems, one of the most

> whist men in the country. He has been president of the Brooklyn Inter-Club Whist league since its organization two years ago, and as a player lias a high reputation, being one of the Carleton club's strong team of four, which won the championship last year. The Brooklyn clubs have a trophy of which they are justly proud, as it is decidedly unique among whist prizes. It is a large silver plaque, fourteen inches in diameter,

convention, in 1891, it is now universally handsomely ornamented with approprirecognized as the ablest and most scien- ate devices and enameled cards. The tific system of whist ever adopted. Its Excelsior club won the emblem and excellence lies in the fact that it places a championship honors this year, after a

While Cavendish (Henry Jones) was in chance necessarily enters, every element this country, he was for a portion of the time the guest of Mr. Weems and of the game is that correct statistics can be the Carleton club, and there met some of obtained to show the best course of play the ablest whist players in America. In under all circumstances, and the games connection with Cavendish it may be interesting to state that Mr. Weems has The American Whist league has now a the only known copy in America of the membership of nearly one hundred and first edition of Cavendish's "Principles fifty clubs, representing all the leading of Whist," printed in London in 1862. states of the Union. The individual Only two hundred and fifty copies were membership of these clubs mounts up printed, and the author styled himself



inently into notice John M. WALTON, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN



THEODORE SCHWARTZ, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WHIST LEAGUE.

"Cavendish," as that was the name of a little whist club of which he was a member.

The name of Nicholas Browse Trist will always be an honored one in American whist annals. He is to this country what Cavendish is to England. A member of the New Orleans Chess, Checker, and Whist club, Mr. Trist has been a careful student of the game for years, and to him are due many of the improvements and accepted modes of play. Cavendish has adopted many of his suggestions and embodied them in his book.

The mania for large tournaments has kept pace with the growth of whist enthusiasm. Mention has been made of two large ones, but they now appear small in comparison with what was accomplished last year. Brooklyn and Philadelphia started the ball rolling by meeting each other with one hundred men on a

side. Philadelphia was represented by the Hamilton club, while the members of the Brooklyn Whist club, consisting of the ablest players from all the other clubs, battled for the honor of their city. One match was held in each city, the second one bringing out two hundred and eight contestants, all told, and the victories were equally divided. The fame of these eastern tournaments having gone abroad, Chicago arranged one on a truly gigantic scale. The whist men of that city met other players from the state of Illinois, and four hundred and forty-eight players came together to fight for the mastery in the silent game. The contest took place in the Masonic Temple, and Chicago came out triumphant. This is the largest whist tournament that has ever been held in the world.

The success of the American Whist league was assured long ago beyond a doubt. That its organization was welltimed has been clearly demonstrated by the rapid growth of whist during the past four years. The sobriquet of "Father of the American Whist League" has been fondly bestowed upon Eugene S. Elliott, its original founder, and who for three successive years was unanimously chosen as its president. Last year, however, Mr. Elliott declined a reëlection, and Capt. John M. Walton, a retired United States army officer, and a leading member of the Hamilton club, of Philadelphia, was chosen and is the present chief executive officer.

The fifth annual congress, which will be held from June 18th to 22d, at Minneapolis, will bring together a host of energetic, brainy men, eager to battle for coveted whist laurels, and next year, in all probability, the whist magnates will meet in Brooklyn, that city of churches, and also of multitudinous whist clubs.





Drawn by Auce Barber Stephens.

# A HYPOCRITICAL ROMANCE.

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR.

I T was rather to my credit than other-wise, that I first became a hypocrite, since it was wholly owing to my natural desire to please and to conciliate, and not amiability and unselfishness of disposi-

As I look back upon the first stages of my development in that direction, I find is wrapped up in music, came to visit us,

from a natural tendency to deceive or falsify.

When Aunt Sophia, whose whole soul

propped in some comfortless arm-chair in and good-will to all mankind. the drawing-room, a most unwilling vic-

a more unmusical household anywhere," Aunt Sophia would remark sharply, turning about to find that one by one the members of the family had melted from the room, during some favorite sonata

in their respective places.

no delicate perception of what is most. Johann Sebastian Bach; my forced acbeautiful and elevating." she would con- quaintance with them gave me power to tinue, what it is utterly lamentable for a discriminate in my dislikes, and I found highest attributes.'

At this point, I would protest that Chopin's nocturnes. father had important letters to write, and mother household duties which she must attend to, while George was obliged to study his Latin.

"Don't try to excuse them," Aunt Sophia would exclaim, "they have not an atom of music in their souls, and when I have said that, I have exhausted all that

can be said in their defense."

"But, Aunt Sophia," I would feebly venture, longing to follow George up to the billiard-room, whence the click of balls was wafted to me during the pianissimo passages, "I'm afraid that I have not very much music in my soul, either." To which she would make answer: "Don't detract from your natural gifts, Elizabeth, you are quite different from all the others. You have the genuine musical temperament. I recognized the fact when you were but a mere infant in arms; even then you were appreciative, you cried loudly when I came to a deeply pathetic passage of Beethoven's, you responded instantly to the wild sob in the notes, so that your nurse was forced to seat beside her at the symphony rehearbear you screaming from the room."

somebody must needs sit by and be po- into my chair with desperate resignation, litely appreciative while she rendered and try to take cat naps while Aunt Sophia Chopin and Mendelssohn, or interpreted continued her interpretations, until callers Mozart and Schumann with that true en- or luncheon brought me the coveted rethus iasm which fails to recognize the fool- lease. Many a time have I sat rigidly ish flight of time. All the other mem- against the stiff, unsympathetic sofa cushbers of our family openly avowed their ions in the drawing-room, sternly philoskeen dislike for music, and quietly but ophizing on the selfishness of frank and speedily withdrew to distant corners of truthful souls; apostles of sincerity, who the house whenever Aunt Sophia began to would not pretend, though by so doing play, leaving me to suffer patiently, they could mollify all strife, and bring joy

I was conscious of being in perfect sympathy with every uncomplimentary utter-"I presume that it would be hard to find ance which father and George let fall regarding the great composers; in fact, felt I was probably more actively antagonistic to these honorable gentlemen than they were, for I knew enough of Aunt Sophia's idols to hate them individually. which should have held them spellbound Father and George merely despised them as a whole, while I cherished one form of "It is a sad thing for any one to have hatred for Wagner, and another for old whole family to be found wanting in the Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" unbearable in quite a different way from

And yet I had often unblushingly assured Aunt Sophia that certain pieces were "exquisitely beautiful," after having surreptitiously read some carefully concealed novel through the entire performance. This was a line of conduct which, I must own, lowered me in my own estimation, though I mentally commented that I was not untruthful in my statement, since, undoubtedly, the pieces were "exquisitely

beautiful" to Aunt Sophia.

On the strength of my musical temperament, I greatly endeared myself to her, and was rewarded for my unselfishness by costly rings at Christmas, or pearl operaglasses and gold vinaigrettes upon my birthdays, while the other members of the family were meted out the penalty attendant upon unsympathetic natures. Aunt Sophia sent them decorative cards, impossible pen-wipers, and gilt-edged diaries, or little painted picture-frames, which would not stand upright, and into which no pictures could be made to fit.

But Aunt Sophia also favored me with a sals, which privilege I couldn't very well After such a rebuke, I would sink back refuse, and this, in the eyes of those at



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens. "I COULD ALMOST ALWAYS SLIP AWAY."

elevating me to ceive her?

seventh heaven

of bliss, it was

side.

I used to manage to get delayed, in one way or another, almost every Friday, so good season just often enough to avert sufferings were considerably abridged. suspicion. As it was, I succeeded in condeplorably mismanaged condition, and in should accompany her to recitals, orathoroughfare blockades were unavoidable, many other entertainments of like ob-"The Grievance of a Music Lover." any lover of music green with envy, and

the same altitude, why should I unde- Whenever I was obliged to listen to an overture, I invariably had some pressing engagement which would not permit me to remain after the first movement of the as to avoid the overture, appearing in symphony, so that on the whole, my

Aunt Sophia was not, however, convincing Aunt Sophia that the line of cars tented with having me beside her at symon which I was dependent must be in a phony concerts only, but insisted that I spite of my assurances that in a crowded torios, delightful little musicales, and she persisted in writing several scathing jectionable character. Thus I had many protests to the evening papers, headed: rare chances which would have turned

of which I availed myself like a lamb prepared for the slaughter.

Do not let me give the impression that these occasions were entirely seasons of unmitigated suffering for me. No, I was able to extract enough pleasure from them, in my own peculiar way, to make my musical life tolerable, else I could never have been such a successful hypocrite.

In the first place, I soon schooled myself to a high level of mental tranquillity, which made it possible for me to close my ears altogether to outward sounds; in this blissful state, concertos and polonaises floated by me, and I remained un-

harmed; I heard them not.

I would sit absorbed in my own pleasant meditations regarding the proper treatment of an Easter bonnet, or the artistic draping of a party gown, for half an hour at a time, serenely unconscious of the orchestra, which might have interpreted anything from Brahms to "Yankee Doodle," without troubling different movements, to watch the feeling of the orchestra reflected in a sensitive face like mine. At such times I could not help experiencing a pang of remorse, but I regarded it as only fair to my aunt that I should be the one to suffer for the deception, so I endured the pricks of conscience, and spared her the humiliating truth. I could not really blame myself very much on second thoughts, however, for it was not my fault if Aunt Sophia, with her great powers of discrimination, could not distinguish between the reflection of a trio in B major and that of a new Easter bonnet.

After a while I came to find the music a perfect inspiration to me. If I had been worried or troubled by some complex question which I found it difficult to answer, I had only to give myself up to the influence of some stirring symphony, and instantly all was well, my mind would clear without delay, and the vexed questions would straighten themselves out at once. As I sat calmly by Aunt Sophia's side, one delightful train of thought would follow another, through a charmed sequence which extended on and on until it reached the final squeak of the violins.

I planned Christmas presents for my friends, laid out my summer wardrobe, checked off my calling list, or thoughtfully reviewed my latest favorite book, or again, I faithfully recalled the numerous receipts I had acquired at cooking school, and wondered if they would turn out the same at home, or else went over my part in the theatricals which our church was getting up to help the cause of Foreign Missions.

From time to time, my chain of thought was broken in upon by long bursts of applause, in which I always tried to join, until I found that many choice spirits regarded clapping as something quite apart from a high order of appreciation; this knowledge was a great relief to me, and ever after, I simply sighed and looked off dreamily into space. This method gave Aunt Sophia as much satisfaction as if I had rapped crudely on the floor with my umbrella, and was a great saving on my gloves.

"Yankee Doodle," without troubling me. Occasionally Aunt Sophia would remark that it was a pleasure, during the different movements, to watch the feeling of the orchestra reflected in a sensitive face like mine. At such times I could not help experiencing a pang of remorse, but I regarded it as only fair to my aunt that I should be the one to suffer for the deception, so I endured the pricks of conscience, and spared her the humiliating truth. I could not really blame myself

At home, alas, I was considered thoroughly musical; this being the only construction which could be put upon my regular attendance on symphony rehearsals; and for this reason I was mercilessly thrust into the breach whenever any musical people came to the house.

"Elizabeth is the musical member of this family," mother would remark with satisfaction, as she withdrew, leaving me to enjoy a new collection of Italian songs, which Cousin Louisa had thoughtfully brought forth from the depths of her Saratoga trunk.

Then father, always anxious to give pleasure to his children, actually invited to the house rising composers and long-haired students of harmony with whom, forsooth, I needs must struggle through woefully tedious conversations regarding their pet theme, while strains of merry

groups about the room.

Even George, who should have understood me better than the rest, brought home with him from college prominent members of the glee club, and friends who played the mandolin by the hour, to whose performances the family listened resignedly on my account, when I would so much rather have welcomed the most insignificant member of the football team.

Under these circumstances, one would reasonably imagine that I must have gradually grown veritably musical, but I did not. On the contrary, I cared less and less for a violin each time I heard one played, disliked a piano more and more daily, felt my aversion to a 'cello constantly strengthening, while my contempt for even a cabinet organ steadily increased,-and so on through the whole list of these instruments of torture, not to mention the vocalist, toward whom my attitude was still less friendly.

But now the retribution, which for the sake of poetic justice (not the other kind) should overtake all hypocrites, descended upon me. When I realized what had happened, I was for a time perfectly aghast; then I rallied, and made up my mind to face the inevitable and make the

Oh, ruthless fate! I had fallen in love with a man after Aunt Sophia's own heart: a man whose whole soul was bound up in music. Could anything more unfortunate have happened to me, or anything more grievously grotesque?

For a long time I struggled against my natural inclination, and did my best to root up such a misplaced fancy from my heart. I knew full well that I could never be happy with an intensely musical helpmate. Why then should I doom myself to lifelong wretchedness? I would not. I would shun his society: I would not see him when he came to call. I gave strict injunctions to the maid to this effect, telling her that when he came she was to say that I was not at home.

But it was no use, my admirable resolutions vanished into thinnest air the very first time I saw him coming up the street, and fearing lest my heartless instructions should be implicitly carried out, I ran

laughter harassed me from the frivolous chance to ring the bell, and then pretended (alas, how easily I can pretend,) that I was just passing through the hall, wholly by accident.

> I felt convinced that I could never be happy with him, and yet I seemed to feel that I should be equally miserable without him; therefore, since I was destined to be unhappy in either case, I concluded I might as well be wretched in his society. Then I told the maid to understand, that when he came to call, I was not at home-"to anybody else."

> But I am getting along much too rapidly with my narrative. I haven't mentioned where it was I first met Winthrop; his name is Winthrop, Winthrop Van der Water: such a nice name; a happy combination of the best in Boston and New York.

> But to think that I should have seen him first at a symphony rehearsal, leaning against a radiator near the wall, not far from where Aunt Sophia and I were seated.

> I had been trying to make up my mind during some Russian music, whether to have a girls' luncheon for Cousin Louisa, or a card-party in the evening, when suddenly I became conscious that some one was watching me, and I glanced up hurriedly to meet a clear and penetrating gaze which seemed to read my very soul and fathom all my frivolous thoughts of card-parties and luncheons.

> Tall, handsome, interesting, he stood with his head thrown back, drinking in every note of that wild, crashy Russian music, as though his life depended upon the verdict of the orchestra. I knew him instantly for one of those genuine enthusiasts who prefer the concerts when there are no soloists, and who pay a quarter of a dollar and, with a dreamy indifference to having people trample on their toes, enjoy their music standing up.

> I glanced at him once or twice during the symphony, just to see if my theory regarding his being a true devotee was correct, and sure enough it was, for he stayed to the very end of the final movement. I had intended to leave before the second movement myself, but I decided to stay, just to test my own powers of perception in regard to musical types.

He interested me as a clearly defined down and let him in before he had a specimen, whom I could satisfactorily

analyze. He had a ponderous looking book under his arm, which he opened from time to time-this was a score of the music, of course: then he wrote something down with a pencil occasionally—these were comments upon the rendering of certain passages, no doubt. I came to the conclusion that he was studying harmony, and therefore came regularly to the rehearsals, while he probably played some instrument with intelligence and feeling.

The following Friday brought rectness of my surmises, for my musical friend

there regularly, apparently wrapped up in the music, with his eyes fixed upon the score book. Quite often, I thought, I caught him staring at Aunt Sophia, and I wondered if he recognized a kindred spirit in her.

I could not help wondering if I could possibly learn to enjoy music in that way, and I began to endeavor conscientiously to enter into the spirit of every piece, but it was no use. Perhaps if I had begun sooner I might have succeeded, but now it was too late. The more I tried to be appreciative and sympathetic, the less I became so, until I really made myself feel quite depressed and wretched.

One afternoon, I went with Aunt Sophia to a "music at four," "campstool affair," which we reached somewhat and earlier than I had hoped we might, shake hands, and let fall some cordial



"WE RAN ACROSS HIM AT ALMOST EVERY MUSICALE."

was there again, in precisely the same owing to a friendly motor on the electric spot; and after that, I used to see him car which refused to make the wheels go round for nearly half an hour. Aunt Sophia was very much annoyed, as she considers it an insult to one's hostess to go late to camp-stool entertainments; moreover, she likes to have her choice of seats.

> I don't think, myself, that it makes a particle of difference when one arrives at a camp-stool reception, for, go as early as you may, they have always begun. Some one is singing, no matter at what time the drawing-room is reached, and all the other people, who have apparently been there for hours, look up with annoyance as you enter and make an unpardonable racket trying to sink noiselessly into a vacant chair, toward which your hostess nods with a pained smile.

If, by chance, you manage to slip in later than my aunt had intended we should, during an intermission, and are about to

sively to her lips, as she points to some instrumental celebrity who is about to inflict himself upon the assembled company, and with an apologetic blush you subside uncomfortably into the nearest seat.

On the afternoon in question, somebody motioned Aunt Sophia to a front seat that was unoccupied, and I at once slipped into the hall, determined to steal up-stairs and wait in the dressing-room, I felt so cross and unmusical. My escape was cut off, however, by our hostess, who touched my arm: "There will be some more chairs here in a moment," she whispered, much to my discomforture, and then, who should appear but my symphony man, laden with camp-stools.

"I want you to know my nephew, Winthrop Van der Water," she whispered, and a moment later he had opened a chair for me, and sat down in another at my

I was about to venture some remark to the effect that I was sorry to have lost so much of the music, when some one began a concerto and robbed the world of one falsehood, which, however, would not have materially increased the sum total for which I am responsible already.

We both listened to the music with breathless attention, and said how beautiful and delightful each selection was. I would have rather talked all the time, but I pretended that I was enjoying it as much as he was, and, indeed, I applauded one aria so warmly that he insisted upon clapping until he brought about an encore, which served me just right.

He asked if I was fond of music, and I said, "oh, yes," and he remarked that he already knew it, he had seen me at so many concerts. Moreover, he said that all looked bored to death. he could tell by watching people's faces, how much they were enjoying themselves.

I tried to be as truthful as I could, and replied that I nearly always enjoyed myself. To which he responded, most impertinently, that I must have perfect taste. At this point I was rather glad to have a man get up and start a recitative. While he was singing it, I determined that I would not let on to Mr. Van der Water that I had ever noticed him at the tive, I ventured that I was surprised to else.

utterance, my lady puts her finger impres- know he had ever seen me before, and inquired if he had attended the last three or four concerts.

> Then, what do you think he said? (after I had seen him there every time with that big book.) That he regretted he had been obliged to miss the last three or four!

> "Then you must have a double." I exclaimed, foolishly, before I realized that he was only trying to trap me into acknowledging that I had seen him at the concerts after all. At first I was inclined to be provoked with him for such deception, but on second thoughts, I made up my mind to laugh it off. Laughing things off is even better policy than "honesty" itself, I find, for, if a thing is deeply important, it's the surest method of concealment, and if it's not, why, it's the best fun.

> Later, when the refreshments were served, I introduced Mr. Van der Water to Aunt Sophia, and we all talked violin recitals, and sopranos, and quartets, until it was time to go home, and he seemed perfectly absorbed in every musical topic that Aunt Sophia dragged into the conversation.

> After that afternoon, we ran across him at almost every musicale or concert that we attended, and he invariably came out of the hall at the same moment that we did, and found our carriage for us. He was so polite and so musical that Aunt Sophia was perfectly charmed with him, and went so far as to ask him to come to a poky little song recital that she was to give in my honor, as I was visiting her for a few weeks at that time.

> He came, and found it most delightful (so he assured Aunt Sophia), though I think that everybody else must have had a frightfully stupid time. Certainly they

Mr. Van der Water, however, must have really enjoyed the song recital, for he came to call immediately after, to tell us how much pleasure we had given him, and from that time he dropped in upon us very often, and we had most delightfultimes, except that he always brought the conversation round to music (and when he did not introduce it I felt obliged to, knowing how fond he was of holding forth upon the subject), while Aunt Sophia, as a rehearsals; so at the end of the recita- matter of course, never spoke of anything

And so the long and short of it was, that we talked music, music, music, and very little else beside. Each time that he came to see us, I was dragged in more deeply, until I felt that it would be impossible ever to extricate myself from such a false position. For, had I not pretended to share his deep and true enthusiasm, and assumed that I agreed with all his

lovely theories regarding the superiority of the musical soul?

At last my position grew simply intolerable. I could not go on forever making believe, I was not hypocrite enough for that, so I determined to make a clean breast of everything the next time that we met. And then I postponed my confession until the next time but one, and so on.

Finally, somebody sent Aunt Sophia three tickets for a Wagner concert; she was, of course, quite charmed at the thought of hearing nothing but this esteemed favorite's compositions for a whole Alice Barber Stephens. evening, and in a moment of enthusiasm, she suggested

treat in store for us.

He accepted, as I knew he would when he learned what a heavy concert it was to be, and when eight o'clock arrived, we were all stiffly erect in those luxurious seats which the first balcony of our beuncomfortably jammed against the seats in front, ready to surrender ourselves to several hours of unalloyed enjoyment.

There we sat, filled with different emotions: Aunt Sophia brimful of expectant delight, Mr. Van der Water apparently the same, while I remained silent and glum; the time had come for me to pretend no more.



"I DON'T CARE A STRAW FOR THE PERFORMANCE-"

asking Mr. Van der Water to act as our I looked as bored as I knew how, Aunt escort, in order that he might share the Sophia asked me if I was not feeling well. To which I replied, wearily, that I felt tired and very hot. Then our escort suggested that, after the next number, we might step out into the hall, where there was a greater supply of oxygen.

At the end of the next piece, I said that loved Music Hall affords, with our knees I should like a breath of air, and asked Aunt Sophia if she would not come, too, but she declined, saying that we might walk about, but, for her part, she didn't care to risk losing the beginning of the next selection.

As I stepped out into the hallway, I drew a deep sigh of relief, for I knew that I was about to free myself of a great weight which had been slowly crushing After three long pieces, through which me into a musical mockery. We saun-

tered to an open door at the end of the cried, catching hold of me, "for heaven's hall and paused, inhaling the cool breeze. "That is the fire-escape out there," my

companion remarked casually.

"Is it?" I responded absently, peering

through the doorway.

"Come and explore it," he urged, stepping out and offering me his hand. "It's a good plan for you to know where to go in case of fire."

I followed, and we stood looking down

into the darkness.

"There is no luxury like pure air," I ventured, inhaling a long breath and wondering if he considered it unsafe to let go of my hand now that we were standing in a comparatively safe spot.

"Yes," he replied, apparently unconscious of the fact that he was crushing one of my rings into my little finger, "one does not like to be suffocated, even

to the strains of Wagner."

I knew that the fatal moment had arrived. "Do you think me so devoted to Wagner?" I questioned faintly.

"Oh, I'm quite sure of it," he replied. "Then, know that it is not safe to be sure of anything in this world," I exclaimed, drawing away my hand. "Do you want me to tell you the sober, earnest truth for once, - I hate Wagner - hate him-hate him!"

I could not see my companion's face as so personal as the confession of the seche stood by my side, but I could eloquently imagine his shocked expression.

"And not only Wagner, but all the other composers," I went on, chokingly; "I hate and abhor them all. I'm not really musical, not the least in the world, and I can't let you go on thinking that I

"Is this true: do you mean what you

say?" he broke in excitedly.

"Yes, only too true," I went on hurriedly. "I'm a hollow sham, a false pretender; I drifted into it all by trying to please Aunt Sophia, and it was so hard to make up my mind to undeceive you. Believe me, Aunt Sophia is the only one in sympathy with your beautiful musical ideas. I should be glad if I never heard any more music-never-never! Now you may despise me all that you want to," I concluded, stepping recklessly backward, and almost precipitating myself through an opening in the fire-escape.

"Elizabeth, dearest Elizabeth," he ing in my soul.

sake, be careful, unless you want to kill yourself!"

"You might despise me less, then," I

murmured.

"What," he burst forth, vehemently, "do you think that I could ever do anything but adore you? Nothing that you could possibly do, would make any difference in my feelings toward you; moreover, I am the one to be despised. I am the real pretender, not you! I am the utterly unscrupulous deceiver. Your little, harmless pretenses were but the sweet sacrificing of your own preferences to another's, but mine were all put forth to gain my own selfish ends, to make you care for me. Oh, Elizabeth, I am not a whit more musical than you are!"

It was my turn now to stand mute with

astonishment while he went on.

"All my enthusiasm for music was just put on to please you. Those were law books, and never scores of the symphonies, you saw me carry. I would not go across the street for all the old composers in the world! Do you suppose that I would have stood through all those tedious concerts except to look at you? I don't care a straw for the most superb performance- I only care for-"

But why should I chronicle anything

ond hypocrite?

Aunt Sophia was vexed enough with us for staying away so long; she said, moreover, that she could not understand how anything short of a dead faint could have kept us outside during the three most beautiful selections on the program, She added, severely, that we had lost the "Fire Music;" but my companion whispered that we had found something infinitely better, namely, the fire-escape.

All the family are delighted that Winthrop is not musical, but Aunt Sophia cannot forgive him as yet. She persists in maintaining that I was always intensely musical until I fell in love with a hypocritical young man, who first won my affections by his false pretensions, and then used his wickedly acquired influence to destroy that quality of artistic appreciation which she had been years implant-



Dra:on by F. G. Attwood.

BY JOSEPH BROOKS.



upon by writhey are inseparable from theatrical busi- ing on the theory-a correct one-that

E manager of ness. Plays are useful to society, and every im- are profitable to managers, actors, and portant the- authors when they are acceptable to the ater in our public; writers must keep on writing, large cities and managers must keep on reading receives ev- them; and now and then one, not more ery week of fortunate, but better than the rest, gets the season accepted and placed before the world, from twen- running thereafter its destined course, ty-five to until it is finally shelved to make room IANAGER one hundred for a fresher production. Outside of the manuscript few great classics, the life of even the plays from best play is brief, and its retirement at persons who last is, like the French revolution's statehe has never ment as to death, an eternal sleep.

Like all other managers, I would like he is contin- to see fewer plays written and better ones. ually waited This would relieve us greatly. Not that our time is so grievously trenched upon, ters, known and unknown, who request for it is not. Generally it is quite enough the favor of an hour or two of his time in to look at the list of characters and read which to read plays to his attentive ear. the first hundred words, to feel perfectly These conditions are a weariness; but safe in declining the manuscript. Start-

and undiscovered genius comes along dealer. and manages to construct a meritorious play which only needs a certain amount real pleasure to a manager.

used, and very few that are written de- mitted to assume the character. serve any fate but extinction. They are made to be sold, and must take the sides, all these manufacturers of manu- chanical details of a theater. scripts are stocking the market in adperiod of years. But this will never be; their capabilities, their limitations, their and so the work of declining man-

increasing vigor. But to aid in the writing of better works than are now submitted to managers, and perhaps also in reducing the amount, I venture to put in print a few hints on playwrighting, to which as well as to millwrighting, or wheelwrighting, or any other useful occupation, men ought to be regularly apprenticed and serve their time, if it is their aim to be adepts at their calling, and to make a living out of it.

uscripts must go on, and on, with

Good plays, plays that succeed in pleasing and drawing the public (and plays that don't do this are not good even if signed by John Milton and endorsed by Daniel Webster), are, and always have been, almost without exception, built in the theater. I am aware that plays are supposed to be written. This is an error. Plays

the vast majority of writers are lacking are built. The play-writer is a convenin experience, dramatic instinct, and tional fiction. The playwright is the actknowledge of stage requirements, one ual fact. He is the man whose work you might feel safe in declining all manu- see, and admire, and pay for, while the scripts from strangers without looking writer gloomily surveys his pile of reat them. But now and then there is jected manuscripts stacked up in his an exception. Some hitherto unknown closet awaiting the peripatetic junk

But Shakspeare!

Shakspeare goes to prove my case. He of correction and alteration to become a was a manager, part owner, and now and good acting drama. Such events are a then an actor, when occasion demanded. It is related of him that he once, as a stop-Managers, like magazine editors, take gap, took the part of the ghost in "Hamno pleasure in declining manuscripts. let," and that there have been worse They are obliged to decline them. A ghosts, may be readily believed, since great many more are written than can be ambitious "supers" are sometimes per-

And Sheridan!

Sheridan's career is a case in point. chances of a market in which the pur- He was interested in the stage managechasers are few, and must be pleased to a ment of Drury Lane; and was, of course, nicety or they will not buy at all. Be- thoroughly conversant with all the me-

I do not mean that in order to build a vance. Managers and magazines could good play a man must be a manager or do very well, and clear out their pigeon- an actor; but he must live with the actors holes to their own great satisfaction, if to a large extent, must be their assoevery man, woman, and child in the com- ciate on intimate terms, criticizing and munity would forswear pen and ink for a being criticized, knowing their ways,



Drawn by F. G. Attwood. IMPRESSING A MANAGER.

of the stage are actualities to be han-numerous. dled in a definite manner, and it is locate them in a world of his own for the them, he must not only have a clear idea of his own imaginary world located upon a full knowledge of the people on whose as this one manager is concerned. This is the easiest part of his task. accessible, and zealously ready to assist the builder of a play.

Collins, Gaboriau, or Boisgobey; nor need the play fails. Many of the works which to a success. managers are expected to read, and are disguise. Of course, the public never an infinity of materials. The scenario

Diazon by F. G. Allwood,

AN ACTOR'S CRITICISM.

likes and dislikes. The men and women see these, but they are surprisingly

Good stories for plays do not grow on the playwright's business to learn how every bush. When the play-builder finds to do this, from direct contact and obser- or invents one, the best thing he can do vation. Having to take these people and is to get the manager to give him half an hour on the stage; and then, with scenasole purpose of interesting the public to rio in hand, unfold his story, and detail the extent of paying its money to see the situation as he goes along. In this way, some sort of conclusion can be arrived at. If the manager says, "This the few square feet of the stage, but also will never do at all," that settles it so far skill he relies to exhibit the destinies of he says, "I think well of this: on such this fancied world during some two and such a day we'll go over it again, with hours and a half. In order to get this two or three of our leading people here, knowledge, he must mingle with actors, and see what they think of it." ("Leadand, to a certain extent, be one of them. ing people" means actors.) If the playwright receives this latter response, he Player-folk are proverbially affable and may feel reasonably certain that he has a pretty good story, one that will bear to be worked up into shape. And when he The first necessity of a good play is a meets the artists, and they put themselves good story. Analyze all successful dra- in the place of the principal characters, mas, and you will find running through and he reads to them what they will be all the dialogue and action an interesting expected to do and say, and what the narrative. It need not be a mystery, such minor characters will do and say, then, as is at the bottom of the tales of Wilkie if the manager winds up by saying, "Now, I don't think it would be a bad it be a maze of cross-purposes, which only idea for you to bring in the first act of the last act sets to rights; but it must this thing in a fortnight," our play-builder invariably be a story which attracts, else may consider himself as being in the path

Still, as yet, the scheme is really chaotic. urged to buy, are nothing but sermons in Here are combinations to be made out of

so far is a mere sketch, a crude and scanty outline of not only an unfinished picture, but of a picture that is not definitely determined upon. And when he meets the manager and the actors again, it is odds that he has the first act in three or four different manuscripts, each with its own scenario, and each hinting at, and tending to, different developments of characters, and different endings. Then, to choose between all the possibilities, and so to get to the serious business of the second act, where the real work of the drama sets in, and takes on shape and a forceful presence, is a weighty task, and calls for plenty of hard study, and

"This way and that dividing the swift mind,"

as Tennyson puts it,



Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

READING THE PLAY TO THE COMPANY.

out, and yet destined to be radically cut wields the trowel and places the material. and changed before it is adopted even as before the interview on the stage is conthat;" and the reader may ring the on ringing them ad infinitum.

In this way, act by act, the play is be better. This is wholly visionary. built. Very little attention is paid to the "Now, if I could only have thought, at better appreciated. such a time, to say so and so!" The acters don't forget to say just the best playwright cannot fit the garments of

Thus the play progresses. Each act thing at the critical time. But this is not contains six thousand words, more or less. literary art, and it cannot be taught. Our play-builder is ready to meet man- Such facility is born of the situations, ager and actors at the end of another and the actors themselves, while the play month, or perhaps two, with the second is being constructed, suggest a great deal act; not so numerously varied as the first, of it. They help in bringing the mortar because his route is more clearly marked and the bricks to the play-builder; he

Finally, comes the first rehearsal. The a sketch, fit to be tacked on to the sketch author is on the stage, at the wings, of the first act. Fifty times he will hear, manuscript and pencil in hand; and, when the rehearsal is over, both he and cluded, "This wouldn't do." "It would his work look as though they had been be better this way." "Now, here, so through a threshing-machine. This is and so, instead of saying this or doing real life. The amateur's view of it is that as the rehearsal progresses, the delighted changes on these corrections, which are actors fill the ears of the delighted author certain to be innumerable, and may go with commendations of his work, all tending to the statement that it couldn't

In the rehearsal, the bad features of the literary form of the dialogue. It is not construction come into glaring evidence, necessary to do so. Natural dialogue, and in order to remove them, huge gaps the words flowing from the results of sit- have to be made in the whole play. As uations, does not call for distinguished a matter of fact, the playwright takes literary art. Audiences do not hanker the drama home and virtually rewrites after the euphonious and balanced the whole of it. He has seen through phrases of Gibbon's History, or the ro- his own eyes, and through the ten or a tund utterances of a Macaulay, or the ca-dozen pairs of the best eyes in the world, denced and luxurious sentences of a Ten- -those of the actors,-what to put in and nyson; they expect the characters of the what to take out; and, like a willing drama to act naturally, and to say bright craftsman, he acts upon the wholesome and amusing things, such as people would knowledge thus acquired. When the do who were keyed up to concert-pitch next rehearsal takes place, and the actfor that purpose. How often, after some ors are fitted with new and improved eventful interview, we say to ourselves, lines, the merits of the play are much

One reason why this radical rebuilding clever playwright is the one whose charis necessary and unavoidable is that the

## HOW SUCCESSFUL PLAYS ARE BUILT.



Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

variably happens, and it is only by rehearsal that he discovers his mistakes and learns how to fit the garments.

In the meantime, scene - painters have been conferred with, and the play is being properly mounted. This gives the actors and the playwright encouragement; and as often as the latter meets any of the former, some new line is suggested, or some correction pointed out.

As a matter of fact, the fourth act (all modern plays being of four acts, with one scene only to each act), while apparently Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

his thoughts and fancies to the wearers the easiest to frame, is the most difficult, without trying them on. When they are and is frequently rewritten several times tried on, a great deal of ripping and cut- over. I have known of quite meritorious ting must be done to make them fit. The fourth acts being wholly discarded and tailor measures his customer and reposes new ones substituted. Just as the two with confidence on the accuracy of his last acts of "La Perichole" were wholly tape-line; but the playwright who has changed by Scribe and Offenbach, both mentally measured his actors and endeav- words and music, after a successful run ored to cut parts to suit, finds that he of two years. But this was an excephas mismeasured all of them. This in-tional case, and effected probably for political, not artistic, reasons.

> Now the whole play is completed, and a dress rehearsal is called. This perfor-

mance for the first time shows what the construction really is, and gives strong hints as to its destiny. The scenery is all set as it is intended to be set when the public come in, and the actors are well up in their parts, each having the point given him or her, either by the manager, or by native good sense, or by long experience, to intensify and exaggerate every idea and every stroke of the business. If a thing



is good, exaggeration does it no harm; if bad, the process shows it in strong light perhaps two of them, and being thorand it can be cut out.

A dress rehearsal, no matter what the play is or who built it, invariably causes that ever gets as far as a dress rehearsal.

Having survived the dress rehearsal, oughly re-formed, the play gets its first night.

Between the first night and the end of a great deal of stuffing to fall out of the the week it takes on its final and tolerpiece, and, of course, the gaps have to be ably lasting form. No play ever got filled up. The author is on hand to do through a first night's performance withthis. Does he not grieve to see his work out some changes; and these are, as a thus mauled, cut, and portions of it dis-rule, more in the line of cutting out than carded? Not at all. By this time he has of putting in. Before an audience, more lost all sentimental weakness, and nearly time is given to the "business," telling all vanity; he accepts the situation, and, situations are prolonged, and it is found metaphorically speaking, not only "says by actual trial that a play that was orignothing and saws wood," but also helps inally adapted to five half hours conto file the saw. I am speaking of the sumes six. Therefore, one-fifth or one-sensible playwright who is not above his sixth has to be eliminated, and that business, and who is the only play-builder crowning triumph of dramatic art, a successful acting play, is at last perfected.

## UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LIKE some school-master, kind in being stern, Who hears the children crying o'er their slates And calling "Help me, master," yet helps not, Since in his silence and refusal lies Their self-development, so God abides Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf To any cry sent up from earnest hearts; He hears, and strengthens, when He must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums; But should He dry our tears, and give the key, What would it profit us when school were done And not one lesson mastered!

What a world Were this if all our prayers were granted! Not In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills As lie in human hearts. Should our desires, Voiced one by one, in prayer, ascend to God And come back as events, shaped to our wish, What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet, Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons Which were denied; and that denial bends My knee to prayers of gratitude each day Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers I rose alway re-girded for the strife And conscious of new strength. Pray on sad heart! That which thou pleadest for may not be given. But in the lofty altitude where souls Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there Thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot Which is not elsewhere found.

## A THREE-STRANDED YARN.

## THE WRECK OF THE LADY EMMA.

RV W. CLARK RUSSELL.

### XVIII.

#### IMPRISONED.

MIGHT have guessed there would be no more to see now than when I had first looked. I stood in the companion with my head just out, holding the door as close shut as it would lie with my

my head through when a whole green sheet of water tumbled over the port bulwarks and roared in a cataractal deluge down the steep deck, boiling white through the wreckage of smashed bulwarks. I ducked, but not in time to stop a rush into the cabin.

I guessed by the uncommon blackness that we were in a hollow betwixt high cliffs: I beheld an illusive paleness: the vague spectral faintness of rocks of ice or snow-covered acclivities on either hand; but no features of them were in the least degree discernible. I durst not let go of the companion to look over the side, but I judged by the deep, hollow noise overhead that a strong gale still blew, and from a distance came the strong, coarse roar of a high sea.

Still the beat of

hull was not often now, which made me suspect it was no iceberg we had stranded on, but land, one of the New Orkneys or South Shetlands group, because the bating of the swell told that a tide ran, and I had read in that book about the South Atlantic, in the cabin, that the rise and fall of the tide down here was very considerable, that gales of wind often swelled body in the way; and hardly had I put the water high above its natural level, as



the swell against the Drawn by F. Lix. "THEN, TURNING TO ME, SHE FAINTED."

was shown by the many skeletons of whales found lying twenty or thirty feet shock of water overhead, which, though above high water-mark.

But until the dawn broke nothing could be imagined; I closed the com-

Miss Otway sat.

She was so postured by the angle of the deck that she could not get out of her chair: she begged me to help her; I drew her out and held her until she had sunk upon the floor, and then I sat down beside her on the hard plank, the carpet having been rolled up and stowed away when the cabin was flooded in the outfly that had dismasted the Lady Emma. Not so much water as I supposed had tumbled down; it lay the length of the cabin wall and was fast draining off.

"Have you been able to see where we

are?" she exclaimed.

But though there's no doubt we've beached on ice. I believe the land's close aboard."

" What land?"

"Coronation island, if any. That was the island in the way of our drift; we've been making a straight course for it."

We paused to hearken to a heavy flooding of water overhead; but the blow that had sheeted the brine over the hull was as weak as a summer ripple is to an angry surge compared with the thumps which had driven us to where we now

"The sea will have made a clean sweep

of the decks," said she.

"There was little to go. What but the galley? The companion has weath-

ered it out, happily for us."

"Oh, Mr. Selby, what can we now do? What is to become of us?" she cried with sudden hysteric passion of grief and terror.

"We must find out where we are. Better here, anyway, than knocking about among the ice outside, with the prospect every next minute of being squashed into pulp. Oh, that was too terrible to have gone on bearing! The perpetual apprehension was like to have driven us overboard, mad. Why, this is peace-this is rest!'

"What a time it has been! What a time it is!" she cried. "When will the day break? If we are upon an ice-

berg-"

She was arrested by a second thunderweak as a blow of the sea, made the

hull tremble fore and aft.

The lamp glowed and shed a good panion door and crawled back to where light, the body of it lying hard against the upper deck, so sharp was the angle: it was strange to see it stirless there, strange to feel the stillness of the hull, save when a blow of swell made her quiver. The fire was out; but even had not all the fuel fetched away into the wash of the wet, I had not dared kindle a fresh one, lest in the trembling fit then upon me and on such a roof-like slope as that I should stumble, or by some helpless flourish set the ship in flames.

I crawled on my knees to the couch and pulled the clothes from it and covered Miss Otway with them, swathing her head and so wrapping her that nothing showed but a little piece of her face. The poor girl's teeth chattered, and she shivered ceaselessly. By carefully crawling I got upon the table and managed to get hold of a glass and a decanter of wine. She drank a little, and I took a good pull of the wine myself. Indeed, it was an extraordinary situation-the hull on her beam ends, the cabin alight, we two crouched on the floor, the stillness after the fury we had come through, the stillness, I say, saving a low roar of distant sea, with an occasional beat of the swell upon the hulk and the scaling and rushing of water overhead! An amazing situation indeed! There is nothing like it, nothing stranger in the records that I can recollect.

At last the starboard cabin windows, high in the broadside, showed of a pale steel gray. I went on my hands and feet to the steps and reached the deck. I stood a little while in the companionway, thunderstruck. I was confounded, and could not credit my sight. The hull lay stranded in a very well of ice. Ahead and astern rose masses of cliffs to an altitude of four or five hundred feet. The vessel lay on a frozen beach: 'twas a sloping sweep of the stuff, apparently linking the iceberg astern to the ice over the bows. The bight or bay we had drifted into was ramparted by the iceberg which sank from a vast terrace to a point in an arm of natural breakwater like marble; but the ice ahead was fixed to

planed, showing amidst the snow.

the rolling ocean. It still blew hard, the staring black rock. seas raced angrily. Whatever of ice they came round the point in a wide swell which did not break in foam upon the beach where we lay, but swept silent, in a glass-green volume along the slope, just as the foamless lift of the sea washes past the side of a ship: it broke only where it met with anything rugged, and quickly lost its weight in the curve, soundlessly recoiling from the base of the iceberg astern, though mightily troubling the surface of the water by conflict with the succeeding heave.

Save but for sudden, quick shootings of after many months as she lay now? little, short-lived drafts and blasts, the calm and even the repose down here was as though we were in a well. The swell feet. I crept to the side and lay over, watching anxiously, and thus made sure of this, after following the quiet sweep of at least twenty successive heaves of brine.

The desolation was awful! The picture savage, forbidding, terrifying beyond imagination with its clouded crystal heights over the bows, and the rugged slopes of ice over the stern forking into fifty shapes of pinnacle, turret, spire, column, tower, as though on the flat of the summit were the ruins of a city of marble.

The decks were swept of everything save the companion: wheel, binnacle, capstans, galley - all were gone. T great berg that formed the bay blocked afraid of setting the hull in flames.

the face of the land. After looking a little the view of the deep; there was nothing I spied the iron frown of dusky rocks to see but the abrupt white walls ahead perpendicular and smooth, as though and astern, and the flying soot overhead and away down to port, and, on the Past the hinder ice and beyond the right, tall cliffs of ice and snow glazing giant limb of marble-like breakwater was the land, with here and there a space of

Our isolation was shocking. My heart smote they flashed upon; over the lower seemed to stop whilst I looked round, parts of the ice terrace the surge was realizing the terrors and hopelessness of bursting in lofty clouds of milk-white this new imprisonment by the granitesoftness, bright as light. The heave hued light that was gaining a little in power. Though a whaler stood within half a mile of the coast, how should she see us? It would be hard enough to discern the speck of wreck we made had the bay of ice in which we rested gaped naked to the sea, but we were as much hidden here as if we had gone to the bottom. We were worse off indeed than had we stranded upon a floating berg, because in that case we might have been fallen in with—we might have drifted northwards -the ice might have split and freed us: The sky between the cliffs was wild but now we were aground upon ice hardwith flying scud and rusty brown masses ening into the face of an island and staof vapor rushing southwards. The ves-tionary, Months might pass before the sel lay with her bows high reared point- body we were upon broke away and being toward the land; she rested on her came a water-borne bulk, and then, in side at an angle of hard upon fifty de- the throes of the liberation of the frozen grees. On either hand was open sky, cliffs, what of splintering, of volcanicthe picture of it to port showing as at like upheaval and disruption might hapthe extremity of an immense ravine, pen to crush the little toy of hull lying

I don't doubt I stared about me with something of a madman's wildness, glancing up at the inaccessible heights, never swept nearer to us than twenty then at the sea rolling in white lines beyond the limb of ice, then into the desolation of the whirling sky on the left, till, recollecting that I had a companion who looked to me for heart and encouragement, whom by God's mercy, wonderful as it would afterwards appear, I might yet be the means of delivering from this hideous situation, I pulled my wits together and returned to the cabin.

The poor young lady was on the floor before the black stove, as I had left her. She could not have stood upon that angle of plank without danger and distress. She began to question me in a voice that shuddered with the cold. I answered I would talk with her when I had lighted a watched the ocean rolling past the arm fire, for I had now some spirit and saw of ice astern; it was but a bit of it. The things a little clearly, and was no longer

I split up a bunk board, and picked a bucketful of capsized coal out of the wash to leeward, as I may call it, and made a fire: but I moved with pain and difficulty: the decks were wet, and as slippery as though coated with ice, and the slope was that of a ship, bulwarks

When the fire was blazing I helped the young lady to sit close beside it, and went on deck for some life-lines for this cabin. I moved with less trouble above, for the life-lines I had before set up were still stretched along. Every rope that I handled was like bar iron; but with infinite trouble I succeeded in getting a length below, and stretching it here and there, which done, I was able to use my

legs with some freedom.

The stove was violently aslant, but it was possible to boil a kettle, and whilst I waited for a hot drink I crouched beside the girl, grateful for the comforting heat of the flames. I told her plainly that we were stranded and ice-locked; that we must resolve to exert our patience and make the best of our deplorable situation. She cleared her head of the cover I had wrapped about her, and stared at me dumbly for a minute or two with a face as white as though moonlit, and her fair hair full of sparkles with the light of the lamp that still glowed hardslanted against the upper deck.

"Do I understand," she exclaimed in a low voice, painful to hear with the tremulous gasps that shook it, "that we are to remain in this condition untiluntil--?" She stopped, then added, "but until when? We are stranded and hid-

den, and must perish."

"Listen to me," said I, "for this is our chance as I see it as a sailor: suppose us beached for months as we now arethough who's to predict that, for within twenty-four hours may come a gale out of another quarter that shall free us and drive us amongst the ice to our destruction. Take it we are to be stranded here: I have read the ship's papers, know the contents of the hold, and promise you, though no chance of rescue should happen for a twelvemonth, nay, for a couple of years, help when it comes shall find us alive so far as life may be kept in us by food, and drink, and warmth."

killed her to hear me talk of a twelvemonth or two years. Then flashing upon me as it were with a sudden dropping of her hands and the stare of her desperate grief and horror, she cried:

"Is there no hope beyond the waiting for the deliverance which may never happen?" and without stopping for an answer she went on: "How are we to live even for a week in a hull we cannot move

about on?"

"That's the very least of our troubles," said I. "Come, you have spirit-the heart of an Englishwoman beats in you! You must put some face of courage and faith upon this business. We are alive. Keep on thinking of that. Consider what we have come through. We might have been thrown upon the ice without this shelter."

"We have stranded on an island, you

sav?"

"I think so."

"What island?" I answered her.

"Is there no harbor in it; no place where ships touch; no place where men are? If they came fishing down here for whales and seals there should be a port."

I put my hand upon a life-line and walked to the captain's cabin. It was as dark as night there, for the heel of the hulk depressed the cabin windows to within arm's reach of the beach, as it looked. I lighted a bull's-eye, and finding the chart I required returned with it.

It was a chart of the discoveries made in these waters between 1819 and 1843. It outlined Graham Land down to sixtyeight degrees south and a little more than sixty-eight degrees west, and submitted a shaded tracing of the South Shetlands, but I was very certain that our island was none of them. I put the chart on Miss Otway's knee and threw the lamplight upon it and said, pointing to Coronation island and then to Laurie island:

"Which of them this is I can't tell you, but I should guess by our drift that it's the bigger of the two, and that our lodgment's here," and I put my finger upon a bight named Palmer's bay. "Here's a mountain at the back of it, you see," said I, "towering to a height of nigh four thousand five hundred feet: She buried her face; I think it nearly it was the blue shadow we saw in the air,

tening meanwhile greedily to me.

"But here are many English names," said she. "Cape Dundas-Despair rock -Saddle island-" she read thus a little. has been named in this fashion is inhabited."

added, looking up at me.

paper, and we have no boat."

"People must have been in some such now," she exclaimed. "How did they

manage?

"We'll manage, depend on it," said I, with all the hearty cheerfulness I could sea, telling our distress, and send them adrift in bottles. I'll fashion rafts out of some of the theater stuff in the hold and send them afloat with the story of our condition mastheaded on them in cans. It's not for us to be hopeless. Wouldn't you rather be here than knocking about amongst the ice?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, "but if we are

locked up-hidden away-"

She started as if she would rise, and asked me to take her on deck that she might see where we were, but I thought proper to keep her below in the warmth and encourage her, and rouse her spirits by representations of our prospects of deliverance before letting her view the situation of the hull: in truth. I could not look at her and observe how delicate and fragile she was, and reflect on the depressing heart-subduing influence of the terrors and experiences she had passed through without fearing the effect of a sudden shock, such as might prove the sight of the savage wildness of hull lay as in a tomb.

fill the kettle, I found that the mold of would go and speedily, whether it took

and our drift was nigh hand straight for fresh water ice I had split out of the scuttle-butt was gone. I had no mind to en-She put her face close to the chart, lis- ter the hold; indeed, I had not strength enough then to break open the frozen hatch-covers; and water being wanted for a cup of hot coffee, I chipped at a spear of ice on the bulwark and found it then went on: "Surely an island that sweet and perhaps sweeter than the water we had been drinking. Why? Because nearly all those frozen heads and "Well, it may be: I hope it is," said I. devices of barbs and spikes were frozen "Here are big islands," she cried, snow and mist. But never could we lack pointing to the South Shetlands, "Aren't fresh water in this part of the world: the there people upon them? And if so, cliffs ahead and astern were fresh: we couldn't we manage to get to the place were beached in fresh water ice. Even where they're settled? It's not far," she in that early time of my distress, whilst I sucked a little piece of ice off the bul-"It's a long way," said I, "for all it warks to learn its quality, I found mylooks but the span of a hand on this self lifting up my eyes with amazement at those giant heights, formed as I knew of the vapor of the air and the sleet of another dreadful situation as this before the cloud and the gale. It was like thinking of some vast, soft fog clinging to the face of the land, and freezing there into precipitous iron-hard rocks.

Whilst making my way to the hatch summon. "We'll write letters to the with the ice, I heard a sudden great roar astern: a sharp tremble ran through the hull as though a mine had been sprung close alongside; the noise was exactly that of a broadside from a liner, every great gun discharged at once. Yet I saw no movement in the ice, nor heard any sound as of a fall. This put it into my head to fancy it might not be long before the great berg that was linked astern of us was sundered, and on its way to join the rest of the mighty fleet, every one of which had had a like berth and such a

despatch as awaited this.

I clawed my way to the side and looked over. The beach that held the berg to the main was perhaps a quarter of a mile long: I could not be sure: it went out of sight in a slope on the port hand. But in comparison with the mighty bulk it voked to the island it was a slender tie indeed, to be snapped in any moment of storm as you'd break a clay pipe-stem. I peered down, wondering, if the severance happened, whether we should go with the berg or be left adry under the the frowning, frozen cradle in which the cliff as we now lay: but it was a useless and therefore a silly speculation; though I went about to get some breakfast. all the same I prayed heartily whilst I When I got on deck with a chopper to stood staring about me that the berg

by it there was not the remotest chance that I could imagine of our being rescued.

I remember thinking as I turned from the rail and made with the ice in my hand toward the companion, that one of the hardest parts of this terrible experience for the poor girl below, though she would have to be dumb on the subject, was the prospect of being locked up with me-alone with a young man, a sailor who was a stranger without existence to her a few days ago; to be locked up, I say, it might be for months, with a threat even of years in the run of time, with a person whose character and history she knew nothing about, whose calling sunk him far below her socially. This ran in my head with the swiftness of thought whilst I was going below, and after I was in the cabin going about the business of boiling coffee for a meal.

How could I make her mind easy, on the score, I mean, of our association, so that something at least of the weight of our distressful, tragic situation should be lifted off her poor young heart? But the answer my good sense gave me was the answer it had before returned; namely, she could only find me out by time, though to be sure I might shorten the period of her fear of me by a behavior that could leave her in no doubt of my resolution to act as a man.

I can't express how deeply I pitied her, how my very soul was moved to its depths by the sight of her as she sat in her loneliness and helplessness, a trueborn lady, gentle and fair, watching me with her white face turning after me as I moved: sitting upon that desperate slope of deck with the red glow of the fire upon her, herself a shapeless bulk of furs and coverings in the lamplight that was growing dim.

When I drew to the stove she questioned me afresh upon our situation, and begged me to conduct her on deck. I answered, presently, when she had broken her fast. She said:

"Only think how it would be with me if I were alone."

I stopped in what I was about, and looking at her a little steadily, but with a smile, I said:

"I'm glad my presence is welcome to comes. Do you see that?"

us or left us, since whilst we lay hidden you. It will be owing to no fault of mine if it's not always so whilst we're together."

A grateful look freshened her face with an expression of life that was like color, and a smile.

"Think of me alone here!" she said in a low voice. "I should have gone mad days ago. It never could have come to my knowing that this hull had stranded amongst the ice. I should have destroyed myself in my craziness."

"You have gone through too much," said I, "to miss of being rescued. You'll be saved and so shall I, and for no other reason I dare say than because I'm with you. I have some hope that this hulk will take a more comfortable posture. Did you hear a roar like an explosion just now astern?"

"Yes. Was it the ice?"
"Ay. But should it trim us I hope it will not send us afloat.'

She listened whilst I told her of the huge berg that lay linked to the island by the beach of ice on which the hull rested. Then I talked as cheerfully as I could of making this interior a tight, dry, warm room for her whilst we lay waiting for that help which was bound in some shape of whaler or sealer to come along. She shuddered and looked around her with a face of sudden imploring grief; but I went on, speaking as heartily as I could.

"We'll make this cabin dry and warm," said I. "I'll get that water to leeward there baled out. I'll rout the carpet up on deck and see what the breeze will do for the brine in it. They've managed very well over and over again up in the Arctic latitudes for months and months with meaner accommodation and a poorer hold. I'll stock this cabin that things may be handy. There's plenty of oil aboard I hope. There'll be coal to last us in the forepeak; we shall be helped out of this before it's all used up."

"How long," she asked, 'are we likely to remain here?"

"It was a saying of Nelson that at sea everything is possible and nothing improbable. It's certain these islands are visited. My intention is, Miss Otway, since we're here, so to provide for ourselves that we may be alive when help "Oh, yes."

owing to the slant of the stove. The dis- panion steps. comfort was incredible. It was like being in a ship poised on her beam ends on the on deck and brought her to my side, and

edge of a sea, magically arrested in her downward rush, and hanging fixed as

though capsizing.

All was as hushed in the interior as though we were in harbor. The roar coming from the flashes of silent swell whenever the dark green folds blindly sweeping tore themselves against some edge of ice, was too faint to invade us: the noise of the sea was shut out by the heights of ice astern, and no echo of the booming of the gale sweeping over the frozen summits penetrated. But for the insufferable posture of the hull my heart might have beaten with some sort of restfulness and even gratitude, for dreadful as our situation was it lacked the terrors of the past days and nights. We were at least safe for the time being, whilst in any hour gone by we might have been crushed to pieces; we had a right to look forward with some hope because we were plen-

stout shelter, and I could not conceive, unless there happened some convulsion of ice, that the swell of the bay, however enraged by storm, could hurt us: it might thump and thrust us high - further out of its reach-that was all, and trim the vessel by so doing into a habitable them as though upon a lift of sea. structure.

These were my thoughts as I put some pered.

breakfast on the deck for my companion. "Don't be scared then because I talk It was impossible for her to help herself. of provisioning and securing ourselves as I had to place the fiddles on the deck to though we were to be locked up for save the food from slipping from her hand. I talked with so much confidence Whilst I talked I was at work getting that, when she had made a light meal, I breakfast. The angle of the deck was an heard something like a note of spirit in abomination and a terrible hindrance, her voice, and saw a little light of kindbut I made no further trouble of it than ling hope in her eyes. Presently she my labored motions expressed. Yet be- begged me to take her on deck, on which yond the boiling of the kettle there was I helped her to stand, and catching hold nothing to be done in the way of cooking, of her arm conducted her to the com-

She ascended painfully. I stepped out

then emerging she looked around. Never can I forget that poor young lady's face



"I SAT AS ONE PARALYZED."

tifully supplied with food, the hull was a way; she shuddered violently, whilst her hand with a wandering gesture came to my arm. I see her now in memory turning her white face toward the towering mass astern, then looking at the dumb blankness of the ice cliffs ahead with the bows of the beam-ended hulk rising to

"Is this it? Is this it?" she whis-

gloom, blackening off the ghastly white eye lighted upon a paragraph headed: edge of the iceberg in shadows of a "Loss of the ship Lady Emma." I ragged, smoke-like stuff, she strained trembled and felt sick; I wanted courage her eyes at the little space of sea show- to read the paragraph. ing in angry dark ridges past the huge paper was shuddering in my hands and ice projection that made the bay, shut- my eyes were upon the news, yet before ting out from our sight all the rest of the reading I caught myself reasoning: it ocean, too. Then turning to me she is another Lady Emma-it cannot be tried to speak, swayed with an effort to Marie's ship-there may be ten or twenty cover her face, and fainted.

### XIX.

MR. MOORE CONTINUES THE STORY.

No news of Marie reached us after we received a letter by a brig called the Oueen of the Night, which had spoken the Lady Emma in the North Atlantic.

for his attention and sympathy.

ships seen on touching at Cape Townof sight below the horizon.

ing newspaper and began to turn it seeing anything of her."

She stared straight up at the flying about. After reading for some time my Lady Emmas afloat-and then I read.

The paragraph-I have not preserved

it-was to this effect:

"The bark Planter, being to the eastward of Cape Horn, fell in with a ship's long-boat full of men. The captain took the unfortunate people on board, but some were lifeless, having been frozen to death during the night. Their story was, they were the boatswain (Wall) and sur-She had sent us a sort of diary or jour- vivors of the crew of the ship Lady Emnal: it was meant for her father and me: ma, Burke, master, that sailed from the she wrote in spirits which, the entries Thames bound to Valparaiso on April 2d. showed, were gaining in brightness, and She had been driven to the southward there was no doubt that her health had and eastward by heavy weather, and greatly improved. Some of her descrip- when in about fifty-nine degrees south tions were very fine; she seemed to have latitude she was totally dismasted by a thrown herself into the very life of the sudden hurricane. After fruitless efforts voyage, and wrote of the sails, rigging, to erect a jury-mast, the crew abandoned discipline, and manœuvers of the vessel her in the long-boat. With them went with the easy familiarity of an old sailor. the ship's doctor (Owen). The master We gathered that she was perfectly refused to quit the ship, and remained happy with Captain and Mrs. Burke, and aboard with his wife and a young lady of Mr. Owen she spoke with gratitude passenger. Very shortly after the longboat had been met with, one of the crew I was told, however, by one or two sea- of the Planter fell overboard. A boat going acquaintances not to wonder if we was lowered in charge of the chief mate, did not hear again from Marie until the Mr. Ralph Selby, but before she could ship arrived at her first port, Valparaiso. reach the man a sea capsized her, and the A vessel might be ninety days upon the mate and the three men who were in her ocean and yet not "speak" another. A were drowned. Within a week of pickfriend spoke of an Indiaman that in the ing up the survivors of the Lady Emma's whole voyage from Bombay to the crew, the Planter transferred them to a Thames—not allowing, of course, for the vessel bound to Montevideo, where they were forwarded by H. B. M. Consul by had sighted nothing but the topmost can-steamer to this country, arriving yestervas of a vessel whose hull was sunk out day at the West India Docks. Mr. Owen died before the arrival of the vessel at I was living in rooms out of Bond street. Montevideo, and was buried at sea. It One morning in 1860-it was October 2d, is supposed that the Lady Emma founand Marie had then been absent from dered prior to the rescue of her crew, as England six months, during which, after Captain Parry of the Planter, which is a the arrival of the Liverpool brig, we had bark of four hundred and sixty tons, received no news whatever either of her cruised at great risk amongst the ice in or the Lady Emma, -I say on October 2d, the neighborhood of the spot where the whilst at breakfast, I picked up a morn-hull was supposed to be lying without

about a quarter to ten o'clock.

Butcher & Hobbs were the owners of the Lady Emma, of her and a little fleet of smaller vessels. I had been introduced by Captain Burke to Mr. Hobbs, and now it came to me as I was driven fast with my brain in a whirl, half mad with consternation, grief, the hundred emotions which must needs throng upon so abrupt a disclosure of dreadful news such as this I had just read, - it came to me, I surance would only render him indifferent: he had no fear as to the safety of it would be said he sank or stranded her.

On my arrival in the Minories I entered an old-fashioned, grimy office in which sat a tall, stoutly built seaman with immense whiskers, both hands on his knees; he stared idly as though He called, and the big sailor I had nowaiting. I went to a desk and asked for Mr. Butcher or Mr. Hobbs. The clerk may have recollected me: he instantly rose, entered an inner office, and return-

ing begged me to step in.

Mr. Hobbs was alone: a large, fat man, yellow-haired and bearded, with staring, watery eyes. As I entered he stood up with an air of deep dejection, and extending his hand, bowed over it looking

down, exclaiming:

" I know the business that has brought you here, sir. It is terrible—it is shocking. But-" he then stood erect, and shrugged his shoulders with a roll of his eves upwards.

"The report in the paper is true, down upon the scene. then?" said I.

"I grieve to say it is," he replied.

I so trembled with grief I could scarcely speak to the man.

"Are we to entertain no hope what- silent.

I sat as one paralyzed. I read the ac- ever?" I said, leaning upon the table for count through again, scarcely even then support. He placed a chair; I sank into believing that the ship was the same that it and proceeded: "Surely we need not my betrothed had sailed in. Thrusting certainly conclude the dismasted ship the newspaper into my pocket, I put on sunk after the long-boat left her merely my hat, ran into the street, and jumping because-" and here forgetting the names into a cab bade the man drive me to I brought out the newspaper to refer to-Messrs. Butcher & Hobbs, at such and "the Planter failed to find her after a few such a number in the Minories. It was hours' search in, perhaps, thick weather, and amongst icebergs which may have been numerous?"

"Oh, of course," he exclaimed, "we must not abandon hope. As you justly put it, the Planter's search counts for little, considering how brief it was and the state of the weather. I'll not pretend I have much hope myself, but the sea provides many chances. Again and again you hear of rates rising till no further risk is taken; then the ship is say, that Mr. Hobbs in my presence had posted, her end made sure of, and one very earnestly advised Captain Burke to fine morning she's signaled off some insure some goods he was taking out as a channel station, blowing leisurely along speculation of his own, and I recollected with the loss of her foretopmast, and her the captain replying with an arch laugh- bottom beach-like with weed. I don't ing air full of strong confidence that in- despair, sir, yet I must honestly own my hope is not strong." He paused, then said: "I believe one of the crew of the the ship: if he insured and she was lost Lady Emma's in the front office," He walked to the door and looked out. "Would you like to see him? He was the boatswain of the ship. His name is Wall."

> I eagerly begged him to bring him in. ticed entered. I immediately recollected that Marie in the fragment of journal she had sent us had described and praised him for his civility and his qualities as a seaman. He stood before us, cap in hand, his back slightly arched by years of stooping, and hauling, and curling of his body over yards and booms; his weather-colored face was hard as leather, and rugged and knotted with muscle; one of those seafaring faces impenetrable to the chisel of ocean experience, which fifty tragedies of the deep would no more mark than the human anguish in shipwreck alter the countenance of the rock which stares through the salt smoke

> "This gentleman," said Mr. Hobbs. "is Mr. Archibald Moore. The young lady passenger aboard the Lady Emma was-" He dropped his head and was

interest: he had been among the last, he might have been the last, who had seen, who had spoken to Marie.

"You'll not tell me," said I, in a broken voice, "there's no hope for the

three you left behind you?"

"No, sir, I'll not tell you that," answered the man in deep tones which trembled upon the ear with the power of their volume. "I've said all along that if the ice only lets the hull keep afloat, there was nothen to prevent her being fallen in with. She wasn't so far south," continued he, looking at Mr. Hobbs, "as to be out of the way of half-a-dozen chances a week if the weather opened out the sea and gave a view of her as she lay, with but twelve foot of foremast standing."

"Why were they left behind?" I cried. "Why were they left to wash about in a dismasted hulk amongst ice, to perish horribly after days of suffering perhaps?" and I beat the table with my

fist.

"The capt'n refused to quit," said the seaman, speaking calmly in his deep voice, and viewing me with an air of respectful pity. "My mates'll tell you I entreated of him and the ladies to enter the boat, likewise did Mr. Owen, the We wasn't listened to. capt'n was all for waiting for something to come along and take the hull in tow. He was for jury rigging her-on a twelve foot stump of foremast," said he, slowly regarding Mr. Hobbs. "The consarn blew over the bows. What in that way was going to stand down there?"

"You should have used force," I said. "With the capt'n?" he exclaimed, with a slow, astonished shake of his head.

" Had you got the captain into the boat the ladies would have followed."

"Neither 'ud have been alive next morning. The young one would have froze to death in a few hours. You should have heard the strongest amongst us groaning with the cold when we lost sight of the craft we were making for, and when the night drawed down and we wore for the hull, all hands of us mad for the shelter of her and the warmth of our blankets and the hot drinks to be got. I tell ye, sir," he added calmly and respectfully, "that the capt'n knew more of waiting."

I gazed at the seaman with consuming about it than we did, and was right to keep the ladies aboard, for if they was to die, then better comfortably in a warm cabin than in an open boat with spray sheeting over them at every plunge."

> "What was the situation of the hull when the crew abandoned her?" I asked.

Mr. Hobbs pulled open a drawer and read aloud a copy of an entry in the logbook of the Planter, in which the meeting with the long-boat was minuted. The situation as there stated was: latitude, 58 degrees 45 minutes south; longitude, 45 degrees 10 minutes west. This copy of the log-book entry had been handed by Captain Parry, of the Planter, to the master of the ship to whom the crew had been transferred.

A yellow glazed map of the world hung in the office over the mantelpiece. My eye went to it, and I made a step, saying

to the boatswain, Wall:

"Show me the place. What land lies nearest to it? What is the usual track

of ships passing Cape Horn?"

He hung back, evidently ignorant of maps and of latitude and longitude. Mr. Hobbs, picking up a ruler, approached the mantelpiece, and peering close at the dingy map, presently put the end of the ruler upon a part of it and said:

"This, as nearly as possible, will be the place where the crew abandoned the

hull.

"Is that land there?"

Mr. Hobbs slanted his head to read and exclaimed: "Ay: in this little group we have-my sight is not what it was-ah! the South Orkneys. These to the left-" with straining sight and some difficulty he spelt out "South Shetlands."

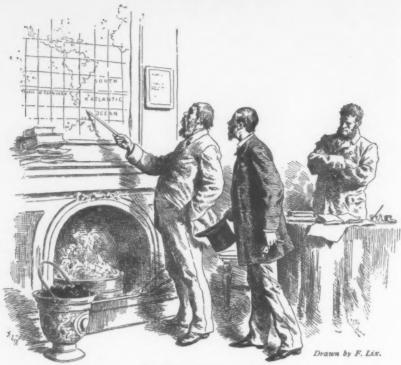
"What sort of islands are they?" I

asked.

"About the most desolate, froze up, uninhabited rocks on that side of the world," answered Wall. "There's nothen to be thought of along o' them."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because going ashore there would be like hittin' ice. In the swell that's always a-running the hull 'ud go to pieces with the first blow like a loosed fagot. Their one chance," he added, in a voice of deep conviction, "lies in their being fallen in with and taken off. That may have happened. If so, it'll be a question



"THIS WILL BE THE PLACE."

"If so," cried Mr. Hobbs, with a raised manner of cheerfulness, that was scarcely sincere, I thought, "Captain Burke will bear in mind the suspense and anxiety you and the young lady's father are suffering, and exert his experience as an old seaman to promptly communicate; so that, let us trust, if there be good news in store, we'll get it quickly."

"Suppose the hull should have been thrown upon an iceberg?" I exclaimed, addressing Wall, "must she inevitably go to pieces?"

"That 'ud depend upon how she took the ice," he answered.

"If she stranded and lay dry—such things have happened—could the three live in her?"

"Yes, sights more comfortably than if she was afloat."

" For how long?"

"She was freighted," said Mr. Hobbs, with an abundance of the necessaries of life."

"How long could a vessel remain upon the ice in a habitable state?"

"Years," answered Wall, "if she's let alone. Give her a snug berth clear of the wash of the sea and tumbling blocks, and what's to hurt her!"

Mr. Hobbs was staring at me earnestly. "I could wish to persuade you," he exclaimed with a melancholy inclination of his head, "to discard the notion of the hull finding a berth on an iceberg. Our hope must take a practical form: let us then believe that the wreck has been encountered by one of the many whalers and other vessels which frequent those seas, and that Captain Burke and his companions are at this present moment safe."

I turned to Wall and plied him with questions. What was the condition of the hull? What had been the state of Miss Otway's health? Did he believe by recalling her looks when he last saw her that she had the strength to outlive the

ing about amidst the ice in dangerous, desolate seas, the wildest in the world and in their midwinter? Was Captain wreck as a man, capable of doing anything to help them into safety? If not, why had he stuck to the ship? What two women aboard a vessel he could do nothing with?

I almost raved my questions at the man, so wild grew my heart with grief whilst I listened to his plain answers full of an old practical seaman's good sense, though several times he repeated that the captain was right to keep his wife and Miss Otway aboard, as they never could have survived the first night in the long-

boat.

He increased my distress by hinting somewhat doubtfully that Captain Burke had fallen a little weak in his mind during the voyage; he spoke of an apparition that had been seen to walk on the ship's forecastle: it had been clothed in the likeness of the captain, and ever after he had ceased to be quite the same man.

"Can you imagine?" I cried, rounding upon Mr. Hobbs, "that the loss of the ship is owing to Captain Burke hav-

ing gone mad?"

"You wouldn't say so?" he answered,

looking at Wall.

"No, sir," answered the seaman; "there was no madness in that job of dismasting if it wasn't in the weather."

"But," I exclaimed, picking up the ruler Mr. Hobbs had used and laying the end of it upon the map, "what was the captain's motive in carrying this vessel so far south? See where the Horn is? high?"

"He was blowed there," answered the

"I understand," said Mr. Hobbs, "that a succession of hard northerly gales settled the vessel to the southward and eastward, considerably out of the usual course.'

"The Planter was also blowed south,"

said Wall.

I continued to question with impassioned anxiety, eagerness, and grief till seas far south of Cape Horn was easy to

horrors, trials, suspense, suffering of I found I was likely to become an ineven one week of a dismasted hull, roll-truder in that office, on which, asking the boatswain, Wall, for his address, and ascertaining that he did not mean to look about him for another berth at present, I Burke single-handed, alone aboard the shook hands with Mr. Hobbs and walked to my place of business in the city-a private bank near Gracechurch street.

Sir Mortimer Otway was at this time madman's nightmare of imagination at Paris on a visit to some friends. I had could have induced him to remain with heard from him two days before, and understood that he would return on the fourth or fifth. His health was not good: of late he had become very anxious about his daughter; he thought it was time, after six months, that he should receive news of her, or that the Lady Emma should be reported. This being so I resolved not to write, but to wait until his return, when I would tell him of the wreck of the ship, if, indeed, the account of it did not reach him through other hands or the newspapers in Paris.

> For my own part I was so shocked, so stunned, there was something so terrible to my imagination in the character of this wreck, in every circumstance of it, having regard to the loneliness of the three, the wild and stormy breach of waters where the hull had been left plunging helpless by her crew, that I could not hold up my head; I could not speak. I sat in a sort of stupor. My father reasoned with me; he pointed out that the hull was afloat, a stout, seaworthy vessel when the crew left her, that being dismasted she was less likely to beat against the ice than were she moving through the water under sail, that a vessel had been seen and pursued by the crew, that where one was there must be others, and so on, and so on.

I heard him, and that was all.

I cannot tell how great was my love for What in God's name was he doing so Marie. I felt that I had acted as a wretch, betrayed the darling of my heart to her destruction in sanctioning her father's scheme of sending her away alone-and she must be alone if she was without me—on a long voyage in a comparatively small sailing ship. The fancy of her in that rolling, dismasted hull was a dreadful oppression to my imagination, and worked in me like madness itself. I had seen the ship, and so the figure of her as she tumbled dismasted amidst the heavy

such a hulk, enduring hours and perhaps where Marie had been abandoned. days of anguish in poignant suspense who, let her devotion be what it might, often he shook his head. must surely fail her at such a time!

my head nor speak.

## XX.

### STARTLING NEWS.

Sir Mortimer received the news of the loss of the ship whilst he was in Paris. He had sent his foreign address to the office in the Minories, always hoping to hear from or of his daughter, and Mr. Butcher wrote to him unknown to me

and perhaps to Mr. Hobbs.

He at once came to London: he arrived in the afternoon; the bank was closed and he drove to my rooms, where he found me. He was very pale and looked ill, but whether he had disciplined his mind during his journey, or was a person of more fortitude than I had imagined, his behavior was almost calm compared to what I had expected to find it on our first meeting.

"When we surrendered her." were almost his first words after holding me by the hand and struggling as though with his tears, "I had a feeling we should never again meet. I ought not to have permitted her to take so long a voyage. She was too delicate, her health was too poor, she was too used to home comforts-" He could not proceed for some moments. He then said: "She was my world," and casting himself into a chair blow to hope. he hid his face and gave way.

I repeated all that I had gathered from my talk with the boatswain, Wall, with brought him to the bank by a letter and taken him into a private room, where, him, getting all that his experience as an beach with her eyes fixed upon the sea,

paint. To think of my Marie, that deli- old seaman could reveal of the chances a cate, fragile, timid girl, imprisoned in shipwrecked company had in those seas

Sir Mortimer listened to me with pasand heart-breaking expectation of death, sionate interest, dwelling upon every sylall alone as she was, countless leagues lable, catching me up if he did not clearly away from me, from her father, with no understand; sometimes his eyes brightother companion than her old nurse, ened as with a little struggle of hope, but

"Consider," he exclaimed, "the Lady My mind felt crazed. I could not lift Emma was dismasted July 2d." (I had all necessary notes of dates and the like in my note-book.) "The crew left her on the 4th. This is the 5th of October; you cannot believe that the helpless hull has continued to float in such frightful seas as run off Cape Horn all this while."

"I don't say so. I don't dream it. But may we not believe that she was

fallen in with long ago?"

"Why have we not heard? There has been time!

"No. Suppose the vessel that rescued them was proceeding to Australia. We might need another three months to hear."

"Oh, but think!" he exclaimed; "a dismasted hull, utterly helpless: the horrors and perils of ice close to, a wild sea continually running - she has not the strength to meet such sufferings-they will have broken her poor heart - oh, Archie, she has been taken! She is dead! We shall never see her again."

He had made up his mind to this, and I dare say his comparative calmness arose from his resolution to accept the worst at once. Though he knew little or nothing about the sea, he could not listen to my version of Wall's story without regarding the wreck of the Lady Emma as hopelessly complete as any in the maritime records. He said that the mere circumstance of the Planter cruising and only child. I am now alone in the finding nothing was of itself a death-

"And what is there to hope for?" he "I will not believe there is no hope," I exclaimed, rising and moving about the exclaimed, and sitting down beside him room with something of feebleness. "We are to wait: but for what? This sort of waiting in grief breaks down the intelwhom I had conversed for above a couple lect-the mourner goes mad. In my of hours on the previous day, having youth I knew a woman whose only son had been drowned in a shipwreck. She would not believe it: she hoped on, and with my father, I had closely questioned ten years after his death I saw her on the gazing with a joyous, welcoming face at had done its work: I was too ill to travel. boat. Oh, no!" he cried with a sudden, to us. Why did not the good God hinder death."

I could not bear this, for I, too, was heart-broken. I grasped him by the hands, and then he became silent after

looking in my face.

But still, as I have said, his behavior throughout this meeting with me, even when the first horror and shock of the news was renewed to us both by this our first meeting, was calmer than I had expected. He stayed in London that night, and next day accompanied me to the city, where we had an interview with Mr. Butcher; we then drove to a street out of the West India Dock road, where

Wall lodged.

The substance of Mr. Butcher's talk was: ships homeward bound from the Australias frequently steered as far south as the latitude the hull had been left in: there was, therefore, reason to hope that Captain Burke and the ladies had been rescued by one of the many vessels which every year were navigating those seas. He said he had spoken to several captains of experience on the subject, also to two or three underwriters of long standing, and on the whole their opinion was, Burke and his companions would be preserved.

Wall had nothing to add: no further conjectures to offer. He went very fully into the story of the dismasting of the vessel and her abandonment, and answered with intelligence the questions Sir Mortimer put to him about Marie: how she looked, if she had picked up, if he (Wall) considered she was strong enough to outlive the horrors and sufferings of her situation, supposing the hull to be encountered within a reasonable time-say a week-from the date of the men quitting her.

Sir Mortimer went to his home by the seaside next day; I promised to visit him ing what his colonial newspaper account on the following Saturday; but fretting was about.

the apparition of her child whom in her I was ceaselessly haunted by the vision craziness she beheld approaching her in a of the hull, white with snow. brilliant with ice, clouded with the foam of beatmost moving, passionate wringing of his ing seas, wearily rolling with my dear hands, "Marie has perished, she is lost one, with my Marie, alone in her. Somehow I could not think of her as assome from sending her away? They told ciated with the Burkes. She was the me that nothing could save her life but a one, the solitary figure in the gloomy invoyage, and I, who would have given terior of that tempest-tossed fabric, as I my life for her, despatched her to her witnessed the vision awake and in my dreams. I was aware that Mrs. Burke had been a most devoted servant, a faithful and honest nurse and friend to Marie; but I had got it into my head that her husband had lost his reason, which would drain his wife's sympathies from my sweetheart; and then again realizing the misery of a time spent in such a hulk, under such circumstances, I could not suppose that poor Mrs. Burke would in her distraction take heed of more outside her husband, than the doom that every hour brought them closer.

So the vision of that wreck was always present to the eye of imagination, waking or sleeping, with one figure only in the maimed and beaten fabric.

On the morning of October 20th I went to the bank, having resumed work there two days before. My father had not arrived. I went into my private room and sat down with a heart of loathing at sight of a pile of letters, which it would be my business to read and deal with.

I had hardly broken the first envelope. when a clerk entered and said that a Mr. Norman, an old customer of the bank, wished to see me. I supposed he had called on business, and after reading the letter I held, I opened the glass door and bade Mr. Norman step in.

He was a merchant doing business with Natal and Cape Colony. He at once

said, without offering to sit:

"I have not called on business, Mr. Moore. I heard of your trouble, and grieve to find it but too visible in your face. This morning I received a batch of South African newspapers and met with an account, which-I don't know, I'm sure-it may be ill-advised on my part-" He broke off and his hand went nervously to his side pocket.

I looked at him inquiringly, wonder-

vously twitching at his breast-pocket, the other the better. This may signify nothing," and now he produced a newspaper, "and yet it may tell everything."

arm abruptly, feeling a sickness at heart, for now imagination leapt to the very and her companions had perished.

passage he required to put on his glasses. The piece of intelligence in the journal

covery! Romantic action on the part of stormiest headland in the world." the captain! The three-masted schooner identification.

who in life must have been singularly eyes of a light blue, or gray, height about five feet six inches, of a figure that had the sailors. apparently been full of grace and beauty. No rings were on the hands. Captain fetching a deep breath. Goldsmith conjectures that the rings, infingers through shrinkage of the flesh by

"I think," said he, his hand still ner- the body it has been found impossible to form an opinion as to the length of time "that where sorrow is speculative the it was in the water; it is judged, howsooner expectation is ended one way or ever, from the appearance of the clothes, which were in a fair state of preservation, that the period could not have exceeded three days. The body was attired in a He was proceeding; I extended my thick serge dress, and a warm jacket trimmed with a rich fur, of which but little remained. One garment only was height of fear-I believed I was to read marked, namely, with the letter O, which something which would prove that Marie Captain Goldsmith believes stands for Ollier, his friend's name. The remains But Mr. Norman must needs open the will be buried to-day. A romantic myspaper himself, and in order to find the tery nevertheless survives, and it remains to be seen whether Captain Goldsmith is right in his conjectures as to the identity of the poor, nameless remains of "Cape Town, August 10th. Arrival one who in life must have been 'passing of the schooner Emerald. A strange dis- fair,' found floating far south of the

I read this very slowly, and when I Emerald arrived yesterday from the west had come to the last word I read it all coast of South America. When in lati- over again. Mr. Norman's eyes were tude 58 degrees south, longitude 48 de- fixed upon my face. I fell into deep grees west, the body of a female was seen thought and was silent for many minfloating upon the water. Its appearance utes, with my gaze rooted upon the was so lifelike that, the weather at the paper. I then pulled out my pocketbook time being quiet, the captain ordered a in which I carried the memoranda I had boat to be lowered, and the body was collected from Mr. Butcher and Wall, and brought on board. The master (Gold- compared the date of the dismasting of smith) on inspecting the corpse was con- the Lady Emma with the date of the disvinced by its appearance that it was the covery of the body. The Lady Emma remains of the wife of a friend of his. was dismasted July 2d, the body was She had been bound round the Horn to seen and picked up on July 10th. The join her husband at Montevideo. Feel- situation of the Lady Emma when the ing persuaded of this he caused the body crew abandoned her, according to the to be placed in a cask of spirits with a Planter's log-book, was latitude 58 degrees view to carrying it to Cape Town, his 45 minutes south, and longitude 45 defirst port of call, that it might have degrees to minutes west. The body was cent Christian interment; also, that the picked up in latitude 58 degrees south, husband should, if his wife did actually longitude 48 degrees west; the minutes prove to be missing, be able to pro- and seconds, if any there were, were cure the exhumation of the corpse for probably omitted in the newspaper report, or Captain Goldsmith may have "The body is described as that of one given the situation in round numbers.

Be this as it may, there could be a difprepossessing and genteel in appearance: ference of but a very few miles between the hair is of a dark amber, or gold, the the spot where the body was found and the spot where the hull was deserted by

"It is extraordinary!" I exclaimed,

"I hope it may not prove conclusive cluding the wedding ring, slipped off the news," said Mr. Norman. "But if the body brought to Cape Town be that of immersion. Owing to the condition of the poor young lady, the fact ought to be



"MR. NORMAN MUST OPEN THE PAPER HIMSELF."

the heart-sickness of deferred hope." .

"Dates and places correspond," I exclaimed. "The description is true. She be as it is here stated."

Mr. Norman, observing that I paused.

"How am I to find out if among the woman's was?" clothes she took was such a dress as the body was found dressed in?'

At this moment my father entered. He immediately observed that I was deeply agitated, and glanced from me to to Sir Mortimer," said my father. Mr. Norman. The latter bowed, then turned to me, and begging me to keep the newspapers, and to command his services in any direction, withdrew.

I handed the paper to my father, who read the account with a face of astonishment and dismay.

"Is it credible?" he cried. "Is it a resolve to go to the Cape."

known to you if only to spare you from hoax, do you think, or some story vamped up, for-for-? But," he cried, turning his glasses again upon the paper, "they name the ship and her captain; had dark amber hair. Her height might they give dates; they say that the body was to be buried on that day," looking at "And then there is the letter O," said the date of issue. "Is it conceivable that a body would float, appareled as this

> "If the story is no lie, then a body thus appareled was found floating," I answered.

"You had better send the paper at once

"I'll run down with it, but first I'll see Mr. Butcher and Wall. How am I to find out if Marie had a serge dress and that sort of jacket?" I reflected, and then said: "Father, I must have the whole day; I cannot work. I wish to satisfy myself by some inquiries, and then I may

He gazed at me with mild astonish- matter over. To the seaman, who was my shoulder and told me I should go where I pleased and do what I liked: he tately; the Cape was a long way off; what good could I do there even supposing the body brought to Cape Town by the schooner should prove to be Marie?"

make sure! Supposing it is Marie-but of a schooner recognizes it as a Mrs. it might be another."

"The body is buried."

exhumation. It was buried with a view wife was to join him at Montevideo ar-

rive in Cape Town."

I had heard Mrs. Burke talk of some of the shops Marie had completed her outfit at. Her old nurse had herself attended her in most of her shopping excursions before the sailing of the ship, and after exchanging a few further sentences with my father I left the bank, called a cab, and was driven to a dressmaker's near Cavendish Square.

Marie had ordered a serge dress, but on was by no means for despairing; whilst inquiring at a shop in Regent street, I they were talking of this body, Miss Otdiscovered, with much pains, they were very busy and very slow, that Miss Otway had, on a day toward the close of fur; the fur was described, and certainly but there could be no doubt he was of the "garment," as the shopman called Mr. Hobbs' mind. They were all three it, corresponded with the brief description of the jacket that had been found on most wonderful thing. the body of the woman.

in Marie's outfit. This should have been, and no doubt was, known to Marie's maid. But the girl, on the departure of Miss Otway, had gone, I had some recollection of hearing, with a family to

In this same day I drove to the offices of Messrs. Butcher & Hobbs, and had scarcely entered the place when Wall came in, greatly to my satisfaction, as I particularly desired his opinion. Both partners were present, and on my showing them the Cape newspaper they called frown. Wall to us and we thoroughly talked the

ment, then put his hand caressingly on somewhat illiterate. I read and re-read the newspaper account.

"It's wonderful," he exclaimed. "Most advised me, however, not to act precipi- certainly it answers to the young lady. I've heard of females lying afloat like that. 'Tain't so long ago that a woman was picked up alive arter washing about for thirty-six hours on her back.'

"But how can the body be Miss Ot-"What good? I must know, I must way's," said Mr. Butcher, "if the master

Ollier's?"

"The coincidence would be quite too "Yes, but I would get an order for its extraordinary," said Mr. Hobbs. "Mr. Moore," he added, with one of his deto disinterment, should the man whose pressing bows, "it would give me far more pleasure to take a cheerful view; but consider—the body of a lady is found floating much about the place where the hull was abandoned; the description, as I understand, answers to that of Miss Otway-" He said no more, but buried his hands in his pockets with a very gloomy shake of the head.

Mr. Butcher, however, inclined to the belief that the body was the person's the schooner's skipper took it to be. He Here, however, I could not learn that wished to believe Miss Otway alive: he way might be actually on her way home.

What did Wall think?

The honest seaman faltered; he saw March, purchased a jacket trimmed with that Mr. Butcher wished to cheer me up, agreed, however, that it was a puzzling,

"There's nothen for Mr. Moore to do," I could recollect no other shops, but said Wall, who, having been admitted inhoped that Sir Mortimer might be able to to this council, considered himself at libtell me if a serge gown had been included erty to talk out, perhaps thinking he was expected to do so: "let him give the lady's portrait to some respectable man who'll go by steam, afore it's too late, and view the body and settle it."

"To whose satisfaction?" inquired Mr.

Butcher, looking at me.

"Not to mine," I exclaimed, "I must decide with my own eyes."

"In them warmer climates," said Wall, "ye've got to bear a hand in jobs of that sort."

Mr. Hobbs admonished the man with a

"Surely, Mr. Moore," exclaimed Mr.



MR. MOORE AND SIR MORTIMER.

ing at Cape Town?"

found had been sold to Miss Otway.

and took my leave.

Butcher, "you would be able to identify gone for a stroll upon the long, hard the young lady by the wearing apparel platform of sands one afternoon in the they removed and are, of course, preserv- keen, gray month that preceded the April she sailed in. It was October now-six I told him I had ascertained that morn-months later; what had happened being that a jacket answering to the one tween? The blue sea ran up to the sky in a trembling, silken slope streaked He looked very grave at this, and I with long gleams. I remembered how saw Mr. Hobbs exchange a glance with Marie had checked me in our walk to the seaman. Soon after this I thanked look at a passing sail, and how together them for their sympathy and patience we had watched the glimmering white square of the vessel fade like mist in the I could think of nothing but the story evening gloom. Many gulls wheeled of the body found at sea, and next morn- over the water; I saw them flying past ing went by an early train to the little the edge of the cliff, and remembered seaside town where Sir Mortimer lived. how Marie had paused and looked up to As I drove from the station I passed by admire the marvelous grace of the windthe ravine down which Marie and I had ward flight of the birds then on the glimpse of. An ocean life of many doned?" months had stretched before her, and whilst we walked I had noticed how she and referred again to the paper. was letting the spirit of the sea sink into her, finding in the coil of the breaker, in boatswain-I forget his name-upon the flight of the birds, in the shadowy distance of the horizon, a meaning she had never before heeded, only perhaps that she might enter with a little spirit into a scene of life from which I knew her very inmost soul shrank.

Sir Mortimer was at home; he was in mourning: the sight of his somber figure and ashen countenance of resigned but settled sorrow startled and even shocked me. It was like a confirmation of fear. an assurance that Marie was dead and that hope must end. My visit was unexpected, and whilst he welcomed me he held my hand and stood looking at

quiry.

pulled out the paper and pointed to the described here?" story of the discovery. He was a highbred, fine-looking old gentleman, and I got up and paced about the room. see him now as he sat holding his glasses whisper:

"What is this?"

"What do you think?"

picked up by the schooner close to the for ever."

wing-perhaps those I now caught a spot where the hull had been aban-

He stared at me, drew a deep breath,

"Have you seen that seaman-the this?" he asked.

"Yes, and the two owners. But what can their opinion be worth? How could their ideas help us, Sir Mortimer? Read the description of that body, the dark amber hair, the looks which in life must have been those of a refined-" I faltered, controlled myself, and went on. "I have discovered," and I named the shop where I had obtained the information, "that Marie's outfit included such another jacket as the body had on. Can you remember if she took a serge dress with her?"

"Two or three," he answered quickly. me in a posture of eager, sorrowful in- "They were of dark blue. Two she had. A third was added at Mrs. Burke's sug-Presently, when we were seated, I gestion. What was the color of the dress

He looked, but no color was named. I

"I have made up my mind," I exto his eyes, the paper trembling in his claimed, "I will go to the Cape. If it hand, and his face slowly taking what be Marie-but I must make sure at all the Scotch call a "raised" look as he costs. The suspense, the waiting, the read. He turned, dropping his glasses not knowing whether she lies dead at and letting the paper sink to his knee, Cape Town, whether she has gone down and said in a voice a little above a in the hull, whether she has been rescued, carried to a distant port and is lying ill, so that months might elapse before we should get news of her: all this "You don't believe it was Marie?" he I could not bear. I am already half mad with the grief of it. I will go to Cape "If we are to think that, she is dead Town," I cried, "and see with my own to us!" I exclaimed. "But if it was not eyes, and settle speculation, so far as that Marie, whose was the body that was body is concerned, one way or another,

(To be continued.)

### AN AUTUMN BREEZE.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE,

This gentle and half-melancholy breeze Is but a wandering Hamlet of the trees, Who finds a tongue in every lingering leaf To voice some subtlety of sylvan grief.



me Telephone and Its Troubles.—When the telephone was first used on a telegraph circuit, it was noticed that hissing and frying sounds could be heard as well as telegraphic signals of all sorts, all of which had their origin in other electric circuits. Sometimes these extraneous noises were so much stronger than the telephonic speech that they quite overpowered it. The din destroyed the articulation. This was the case when the automatic

Wheatstone transmitter was employed on a telegraph circuit parallel to a telephone circuit on the same poles. This was at first interpreted as being due wholly to induction, and for business purposes telephone lines were removed as far as practicable from telegraph lines. The trouble did not cease. In some cases it was nearly as bad as before, and then it was apparent that the source of the disturbance was the earth itself. Both circuits made use of it as a part of their systems, and their ground connections were adjacent, oftentimes practically the same. When the telephone ground, as it was technically called, was moved away, there was some relief, but it was found possible to detect telegraph signals from lines

separated by miles of earth.

When compared with telegraphic instruments, the telephone is found to be exceedingly sensitive. A sounder requires about the tenth of an ampère to work it properly, a relay, about the hundredth of an ampère; but a telephone will render speech audible with less than the millionth of an ampère, and is, therefore, more than ten thousand times more sensitive than a telegraphic relay. When the earth is made to form a part of an electric circuit, the current does not go in a narrow strip from one ground terminal to the other, but spreads out in a wide sheet much broader than perhaps most have imagined. Thus, if the grounds be no more than three or four miles apart, the spreading earth current can be traced in a sheet as much as two miles wide. If the grounds be still further apart, the sheet will be correspondingly wider. This earth current in its course may meet with streams of water, gas and water-pipes, and other conductors better than the earth itself, and these will conduct some of it, but not all. The stronger the current the more it is spread, and a telephone ground connection anywhere in its path will receive its share unavoidably.

In cities and towns employing the trolley railway system, the rails form part of the circuit. As they lie upon the earth, the earth necessarily conducts away a notable part of the current, no matter how large the rails and good the connections. For instance, in Boston, where great pains has been taken to provide ample metallic conductors in rails and return wires, a thousand ampères have been found to return through the earth to the power-house, and this is something like ten per

cent. of the whole output. How widely such a current may spread may be imagined, and one may compare such a current with the minute one needed for telephonic work. One must remember that a steady current does not affect the telephone at all. It is only when the current varies in strength above a certain rate. thirty or forty times a second, that it begins to be troublesome. The variations in strength come from the Morse key or its substitutes in telegraphy, from some types of arc lighting dynamos, from alternating dynamos for incandescent lighting, and from the motors in railway work. Though there be a thousand ampères in the earth, if the variation be but one ampère, the nine hundred and ninety-nine which are constant are not offensive, hence it does not so much matter how much current is in the earth as how rapidly it varies. There are other currents in the earth due to natural causes, such as lightning, auroras, etc., which have sometimes been destructive to the telephone and its connections. To protect both service and the telephone itself there is one remedy, namely, to cease using the ground as a part of the needful circuit, and to provide each instrument with a complete wire circuit. Telephone companies are adopting this method everywhere as fast as practicable. It is more costly to establish and maintain, but it has been made necessary by the nature of electrical action and by the great increase in industrial enterprises within the past ten years. A. E. DOLBEAR.



rogress in the Study of the Sun's Surroundings .-

Important advances have lately been made in the study of the ultra-violet regions of the spectrum of the solar "chromosphere," or gaseous envelope which overlies the dazzling "photosphere" that constitutes the visible surface of the sun; and the Janssen medal of the French Academy of Sciences has just been awarded to Professor Hale, of Chicago, (the director-elect of the inchoate Yerkes

observatory) for his admirable work in this direction.

The starting point was an old observation made by the writer more than twenty years ago at Sherman, the summit station of the Union Pacific railway, 8300 feet above the sea. Here it was found that the two great calcium bands, known as "H" and "K," at the extreme violet end of the visible spectrum, are "reversed," i.e., turned bright, in the spectrum of the prominences and chromosphere as invariably as the lines of hydrogen itself; and moreover, that these lines are also reversed in the spectrum of sun-spots and of the facular region surrounding them. But the ocular observation of this portion of the spectrum is so difficult and trying to the eye, that nothing came of it until Professor Hale applied photography; then it at once appeared that the behavior of the solar atmosphere could be studied in this way much more satisfactorily than by the eye working in the old-fashioned manner.

In his private observatory, Hale was soon able to produce actual photographs of some of the brighter of those strange flames or clouds of glowing gas and vapor which rise, whirling and writhing, tens of thousands of miles above the solar surface. And his plates soon showed that, in the ultra-violet regions of the spectrum of the chromosphere, the whole upper series of hydrogen lines, which are so impressive as dark bands in the spectra of the "great white stars," like Vega and Sirius, are often brilliantly reversed, though never obviously present as dark lines in the spectrum of the solar photosphere: a fact which throws a flood of light upon the apparent absence of the lines of certain other elements (oxygen, for instance,) from the visible regions of the solar spectrum. A still further step is the construction of an instrument to which the name of spectro-heliograph has been given. The slit of a spectroscope is made to traverse the image of the sun, and a second slit, mechanically connected with the first, is made to move correspondingly in front of the photographic plate. With this instrument photographs are now regularly obtained by a single operation, which show the chromosphere and prominences around the whole circumference of the sun; and

what is more, the spots and their surrounding faculæ, or regions where the calcium vapors are able to overpower the light of the photosphere itself. Just how much is to come from the study of these plates it is not easy to say, but they promise a wealth of rich material.

Of course, others have also done more or less in the line of these researches, and it would be utterly unjust to pass, without special mention, the name of Deslandres, of the Paris observatory. He has moved along, practically step by step, with our young American, and has obtained results substantially identical.

C. A. YOUNG.



outh African Gold .- The gold production of South Africa is so recent, so great, and increasing so rapidly as to make it one of the most important factors in monetary questions. According to the latest information received by the director of the mint, the product in 1893 was \$28,293,800, while in 1894 it rose to \$38,954,800,

an increase of over ten and a half millions.

The nature of the deposits in the Transvaal yielding the greatest part of this vast sum has a corresponding interest in mining geology. In a former note on this subject (last November), the deposits were described as "fossil placers." Since that was written, Mr. Koch has announced a different conclusion from an examination of specimens brought to Europe by Mr. Schmeisser, a Prussian government expert. He found no water-worn gold in the ore, and no pebbles of auriferous vein-quartz; the metal seemed to him deposited along tracts of disturbance in the matrix of the conglomerate. He was thus led to suppose the gold younger than the pudding-stone, and the deposits of a vein-like character. This conclusion did not carry ready conviction with it. A system of veins penetrating the conglomerates may easily be imagined, but they would be separated by barren streaks, while one of the most remarkable features of the region is the relatively slight fluctuation in the tenor of the ore. Then, too, Mr. Koch's conclusion is drawn from negative evidence. The discovery of a few water-worn nuggets and a few pebbles of gold-bearing quartz would suffice to reverse the inferences to be drawn.

Very recently, Mr. Pelikan has published the results of an examination of a suite of specimens from the gold-bearing conglomerates of the Transvaal, undertaken for Professor Suess. He finds gold in water-worn grains, forming pockets and streaks in the matrix of the pudding-stone. The streaks wind in and out among the pebbles, and the mode of occurrence is precisely that characteristic of modern alluvial gold deposits. Pebbles of pyrite are found with the water-worn gold, though some crystals of pyrite have formed in the mass since its deposition. He also confirmed Delauny's observation that some of the quartz pebbles are goldbearing vein-quartz. These results being positive can hardly be refuted, and the conglomerates must be accepted as fossil placers. It is not impossible, however, that local enrichments of the beds may have taken place by younger vein-like deposits on zones of disturbance, since, as was pointed out last month, renewals of the gold depositing process in auriferous regions are frequent.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



ew Method of Preparing an Important Compound.—One of the most valuable light-giving constituents of common coal-gas is acetylene, but it is present in such gas only in very small quantity. Acetylene is composed of twelve-thirteenths carbon and one-thirteenth hydrogen. When burned in air from a common gas-jet, acetylene produces a smoky flame, but from a properly selected burner its flame is smokeless and emits more light

than that of any other gas.

A new method of preparing acetylene promises to give this gas a great future

as an illuminant. This method, but recently developed, consists in heating together in an electric furnace, powdered chalk or lime, and some form of finely divided carbon, coal, or charcoal. At the temperature of the furnace calcium carbide is formed. This is a dark gray solid, resembling in appearance an impure mineral coal. It is composed of five-eighths calcium and three-eighths carbon. When thrown into water, double decomposition results, the calcium combining with the oxygen of the water, and the carbon uniting with the hydrogen and forming acetylene, which escapes from the water with violent ebullition and may

be readily collected in any suitable receiver.

The solid calcium carbide can be transported without special precaution other than that it be kept dry. The consumer supplied with the carbide will be able to manufacture his own gas by simply immersing the carbide in water. A receiver for storing the gas will be about all the plant necessary. Suitable burners for acetylene will need to be slight modifications of the common jet, so as to supply the exact proportion of air, otherwise the flame will smoke. The writer, by using the common Bunsen burner, was able to so regulate the supply of air and gas as to produce a pure white flame of great brilliancy, almost insupportable to the eye. Acetylene has a peculiar, penetrating odor, so that any leakage of the gas would be immediately detected.

One pound of pure calcium carbide will yield five and a half cubic feet of acetylene, measured at O°C, and atmospheric pressure. If it be true, as is stated, that the calcium carbide can be manufactured at twenty dollars per ton, computation shows that under equally favorable conditions, the cost of good light from acetylene would be about one-third of that from coal-gas, when the latter sells at

fifty cents per one thousand feet.

The preparation of acetylene from the mineral elements has long been of great theoretical interest, because it is the first step in the production of organic substances from the inorganic. Benzene, naphthalene, and ethylene may be readily manufactured from acetylene. From benzene we obtain that wonderful series of aniline colors and dyes. Ethylene can be converted into alcohol, and from alcohol many other organic substances can be produced.

The preparation of acetylene has heretofore been too expensive to make it of practical importance, but the new method places the gas within the range of commercial use, both by itself and as the basis for the building up of other compounds. The most fertile promise, however, is the possibility of isolated

gas-lighting.

S. E. TILLMAN, PROF. U.S.M.A.





ne Belgian Shakspeare.—M. Maurice Maeterlinck's recent visit to London has given concreteness to the slowly-gathering rumor of his fame. The next after Ibsen to "arrive" in the international go-as-you-please, end-of-the-century literature, and but a few years ago regarded as the most exotic of modern novelties, he is already an established fact in the light of the later dawnings of Hauptmann, and Sudermann, and Strindberg. His brief stay in

London was made in connection with the production of several of his plays. The presence of the dramatist caused such a run upon his plays, that eminent English critics with rusty French were at their wits' ends to purchase copies. Yet they might have spared their pains, for, in accordance with the spirit of these strange, dream-like dramas, the lines were spoken with such measured stateliness that the performances might have served as lessons in French. The most ambitious play of Maeterlinck's that has been seen in England-" Pelléas et Mélisande" - was given with decorations that recalled the mise en scène of Shakspeare's time, a background of canvas, apparently covered with palette scrapings, serving for a forest, and the same with two chairs, for an apartment in a castle. A green gauze, veiling the whole front of the stage, was intended to suggest the dream-like atmosphere of the play, which, however, being in drama what Burne-Jones's pictures are in art, would have gained vastly by a beautiful Burne-Jonesian representation of the no-man's-land in which the scene is laid. But despite the bareness of the setting, the beauty of many of the passages entranced the audience, and Mlle. Marthe Mellot, curiously reversing the Shaksperian usage, played the male Pelléas with a virile passion that no actor of our day has surpassed. Mlle. Mellot is destined for great things. Though there is a love-scene in this play as beautiful as anything in "Romeo and Juliet," Maeterlinek has no pretensions to be the Belgian Shakspeare, as M. Rimbaud incautiously christened him, not even a Ghent Shakspeare, or a "Shakspeare for marionettes." He is no more a Shakspeare than he is the "pitiable mental cripple" of Max Nordau's denunciation. He is more like a Belgian Poe. But in this late day of dramatic art, when everything seems to have been done, it is no small achievement to have invented a new genre.

M. Maeterlinck's gamut, however, is small. His leading idea is to extract the dramatic possibilities that lie in the description by persons on the stage of things happening off the stage. This idea, which is used effectively in all his work, forms the entire basis of that creepy little play, "Intérieur," where the persons charged with the terrible task of breaking the news of a girl's death to her family look in at the window and describe the peacefulness of the domestic group, unconscious of the impending stroke and of the procession advancing with the corpse. The calm, domestic "interior" is weirdly transfigured by being looked at from this novel standpoint. Yes, decidedly, Maeterlinck has invented a new

dramatic thrill. The simplest human life appears to him a profound mystery, and he makes us see it through his own glamour. He is interested in the secrets of our subconsciousness, and I remember reading in a French paper a remarkable essay of his on Ibsen's "Master-Builder," which he regarded as a first attempt at delving into the subconscious self. This sense of mystery in human life necessarily leads to symbolism, in which the unconscious infant, sleeping or smiling in the center of a maze of tragic destinies, figures frequently. It is this streak of mysticism, which, running through his combinations of Preraphaelite romance and Websterian horror, gives him a specific individuality to which, for the rest, his more superficial qualities of style undoubtedly contribute. These have earned him the sobriquet of a "stage Ollendorf," but in reality his repetitions of sentences have, if not a dramatic, at least always a poetic value, akin to that of the refrain of a ballad. Mr. William Archer supposed they were fugal, too, but Maeterlinck confesses to having no ear at all for music, and it is likewise disappointing to theorists to learn that he regards this characteristic repetition as a mannerism into which he has fallen unconsciously, perhaps adopting it from the Flemish peasants around him, whose conversations largely consist in mutual echoes. Even for his deeper dramatic scheme Maeterlinck modestly acknowledges his indebtedness to the lead of his friend, Charles Van Lerberghe. Modesty is indeed the note of Maeterlinck, who, in appearance, looks more the Belgian than the Shakspeare. With his short hair and neat, brown mustache, this medium-sized young man looks the last person in the world to be Maeterlinck, nor do you note the unquestionably inward gaze of his eye, and the dreaminess of his expression till you know who he is. His speech is low and diffident, and he responds in lager beer to his health drunk in champagne-true type of the simple man-of-letters who is fast becoming extinct. I. ZANGWILL.



he Coquelin Affair.—As I have more than once remarked, the slightest incidents of the theater take on with us an extraordinary importance, and the quarrel of a comedian with his manager makes more stir than the overthrow of a ministry. It was as far back as the eighteenth century, when society was in a rage with an artist, while the loss of a battle to Frederick was sustained with cool indifference.

The suit which Coquelin is at present defending against the Comédie Française has already caused the flow of torrents of ink. The matter is at bottom very simple. Coquelin signs a contract with a theater; he breaks it; the theater insists on his return and demands damages; that is commonplace enough. In your country, where such things are taken for what they are, and a commercial transaction never becomes a question of art, the suit would have been decided in ten minutes, or, rather, it would never have been brought into court. Coquelin would have had public opinion against him from the first, and in all probability he would not have defied it.

I thought of explaining how it could happen that the issue of the pending suit should be in doubt; but I should need to enter into a mass of details regarding the peculiar organization of the Comédie Française. These details would probably interest you but little; so I prefer to talk about Coquelin.

Coquelin was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, of a family of small traders. I ought not to have said small traders, for father Coquelin, who was a baker, was proud of his profession. A saying of his is quoted which is typical. A Parisian who was passing through Boulogne spoke of the renown which his son had gained.

"If I pardon him," replied he, "for becoming a comedian, it is because he

is first in his art, as I am in mine."

This worthy man had brought up his son with the idea of bequeathing to him his business. But the child had from his earliest years manifested a decided leaning toward the theater. He would escape from his father's house in the

evening and run to hear secretly some melodrama of Bouchardy. One day the great Rachel, that nomadic queen of tragedy, passed through Boulogne, and

played "Adrienne Lecouvreur." That evening turned his head.

Once landed in Paris, young Coquelin, with a letter of recommendation in his pocket, went to see the illustrious actor, Regnier, who was then the most celebrated professor in the Conservatory. He told him at once, with that assurance, or, I might better say, fatuity, which was later a trait of his character, that he did not wish to enter the theater to make a moderate success, that if there did not appear in him the necessary qualities for rising to the heights of his profession, he preferred to know it at once. Regnier smiled in his paternal way at this lofty declaration of principles, which he had heard more than once before.

The examination for admission to the Conservatory is no small affair. The number of candidates is always considerable, and there, as everywhere, few are

chosen, if many are called. Coquelin did not succeed.

"Oh, no! That boy is too homely!" cried Mme. Augustine Brohan, who was sitting among the judges. "Look at his big, trumpet-shaped nose."

"And he uses it as a trumpet, too," observed M. Auber, who was then director. The fact is that at that time Coquelin talked through his nose. The jury was unanimous against him, save Regnier, who said to his colleagues: "Now I don't think this boy is so very homely. He has a turned-up nose, but it is a comedy nose; he has the large mouth and intelligent eye of the conventional valet. Leave him to me; I will take him in my class and make something of him."

So Coquelin went into Regnier's division. The professor strove at first to correct his faults, which were those of most beginners. His gestures were exuberant and his gaiety turbulent. His voice mounted up into his head without his perceiving it, and escaped in strident outbursts. It was in vain that Regnier would remark on these defects; he did not overcome this intemperance in his movements. Regnier then bethought himself of a very curious stratagem, which

reveals the genius of the professor.

He took his pupil aside, and told him that he considered him decidedly better fitted for the rôles of capitalists,—those which are called in our theatrical parlance the rôles with cloaks,—and promised him great success if he would abandon himself to them without reserve. Young Coquelin allowed himself to be taken in. Capitalists are not very brilliant rôles, or such as would attract a boy of twenty years. To grow old, make his voice heavy, measure his gestures, veil his glance, be made the object of ridicule,—one does not easily resign himself to these annoyances when he feels surging in his veins the warm blood of youth. But the master had spoken, he must go in the path that was pointed out; and so for three months Coquelin set himself to copying old men, studying the discreet carriage, the heavy walk, the grave and deep voice of the conventional character. He was not really very much displeased with the part; besides, Regnier encouraged him, flattered him, applauded him.

One day a benefit was arranged at the Tour d'Auvergne theater. Mile. Delahaye, a brilliant soubrette of the Odéon, was to play the part of Dorine, in "Tartuffe." She was in search of an Orgon. She inquired at the Conservatory, and Coquelin was suggested. It was a fine opportunity for the student to es-

tablish his success publicly; he accepted with eagerness.

The public at the Tour d'Auvergne was a very peculiar and very unruly public, which had kept up the traditions of rude boisterousness, dear to the pit of former times. It was not slow to notice the poor boy who had covered himself with Orgon's peruke, and enlivened the performance with pleasantries which were, perhaps, very amusing, but which did not seem so to the unfortunate débutant.

You recall that in the second act, Orgon, furious with Dorine, retires, saying: "Her insolent remarks have put me in such a passion that I must go out a while

to recover myself."

"That's it, my good fellow," cried a mocking voice in the orchestra, "go out, and don't come back."

You can imagine the wrath and despair of a Conservatory pupil at whom were cast such cruel taunts. Coquelin ran to his master and declared to him that he wanted no more capitalists, that he would sooner renounce the stage.

"You are tired of Orgons," said Regnier, calmly. "Well, let them go. Take

up valets again. I will not oppose it."

So Coquelin returns to the rôle of Scapin in the "Fourberies." He repeats the part. Wonderful! It was a metamorphosis. It appeared that his voice came naturally from the chest, that his gestures had taken on moderation, his movements more breadth. All his companions were stupefied: a mischievous smile hovered around Regnier's lips.

A year after, Coquelin went forth from the Conservatory with his first prize in his pocket; some years later he entered into glory. FRANCISOUE SARCEY.

L'Affaire Coquelin.—Je vous l'ai fait remarquer plus d'une fois. Chez nous, les moindres incidents de théâtre prennent une importance extraordinaire, et la querelle d'un comédien avec son directeur fait plus de bruit qu'un ministère renversé. C'était déja ainsi au dixhuitième siècle, ou la bonne compagnie prenait feu contre un artiste, tandis qu'une bataille perdue contre Frédéric la laissait indiférente et froide.

férente et froide.

Le procès que soutient en ce moment Coquelin contre la Comédie Française a fait déja couler des torrents d'encre. Au fond il n'y a rien de plus simple. Coquelin a signé un contrat avec une maison; il y a manqué; la maison le lui rappelle et lui demande des dommages et intérêts; je ne sais pas d'affaire plus banale. Dans votre pays, où l'on prend les choeses pour ce qu'elles sont, où un acte de commerce ne devient jamais une question d'art, le procès eut été tranché en dix minutes; ou plutot il raurait jamais en lieu. Coquelin aurait en dès l'abord contre lui toute l'opinion publique et il y a grande apparence qu'il ue l'aurait pas bravée.

J'ai un instant eu l'idée de vous expliquer comment il pouvait se faire que chez nous l'issue du procès qui est pendant encore à l'heure ou j'écris, fût douteuse; mais il m'eut failu entrer dans une foule détails sur l'organisation particulière de la Comédie Française. Ils ne vous auraient sans doute que médiocrement intéressé. J'ai mieux aimé, à ce propos, causer avec vous de Coquelin.

Coquelin est né a Boulogne-sur-Mer d'une famille de petits commerçants. J'ai tort de dire de petits commerçants; car le père Coquelin qui était boulanger avait l'orgueil de sa profession. On cite de lui un mot bien typique. Un Parisien de passage à Boulogne lui parlait de la renommée ou était parvenu son fils.

un mot oren cyprae.
son fils,
"Si je lui pardonne," répondit il, "de s'être fait comédien, c'est qu'il a primé dans son art, comme

moi dans le mien!"

Ce brave homme avait élevé son fils dans l'idée de lui léguer son commerce. Mais l'enfant avait dès

Ce brave homme avait élevé son fils dans l'idée de lui léguer son commerce. Mais l'enfant avait dès son plus jeune âge manifesté une vocation très accentuée pour le théâtre. Le soir il s'échappait de la maison paternelle pour courir en cachette écouter quelque mélodrame de Bouchardy. Un jour la grande Rachel, cette reine nomade de la tragédie, passa par Boulogne, et y joun "Adrienne Lecouvreur;" cette soirée lui tourna la tête.

Le jeune Coquelin une fois débarqué à Paris, s'en alla voir, avec une lettre de recommandation en peche, l'illustre acteur Regnier, qui était alors le professeur le plus réputé du Conservatoire. Il lui déclara tout d'abord avec cette assurance, disons mieux, avec cette fatuité du fur plus tard chez lui untait de caractère, qu'il ne prétendait pas entrer au thêâtre pour y faire une figure médiocre; que si on ne lui reconnaissait pas les qualités nécessaires pour arriver très-haut, il préférait le savoir tout de suite. Regnier sourit paternellement à cette hautaine déclaration de principes, qu'il avait plus d'une fois entendue en sa vie.

C'est une assez grosse affair que les examens d'admission au Conservatoire. Le nombre des candi-

C'est une assez grosse affaire que les examens d'admission au Conservatoire. Le nombre des candi-dats est toujours considérable et là, comme partout, il y a peu d'élus, si beaucoup sont appelés. Coque-

C'est une assez grosse affaire que les examens d'admission au Conservatoire. Le nombre des candidats est toujours considérable et là, comme partout, il y a peu d'élus, si beaucoup sont appelés. Coquelin n'y réussit point.

'Oh, non; ce garçon là est trop laid!'' s'écria Mme. Augustine Brohan, qui siégeait parmi les juges. 'Voyez son mez en trompette.''

'Et il s'en sert comme d'une trompette,'' observa M. Auber qui était alors directeur.

Le fait est qu'alors Coquelin parlait du nez. Le jury tout entier se prononça contre lui, sauf Regnier qui disait à ses collègues: 'Mais non je ne le trouve pas si laid, moi, ce garçon. Il a le nez retroussé, mais c'est un nez de comique; il a la bouche largement fendue et l'ecil intelligent des valets du repertoire. Laissez le moi, je le prendrai dans ma classe, et j'en ferai quelque chose.''

Coquelin entra donc dans la divission de Regnier. Le professeur s'évertua d'abord à corriger ses défauts, qui étaient ceux de la plupart des débutants. Le jeune homme avait le geste exubérant, la gaité turbulente. La voix lui montait dans la tête sans qu'il s'en aperçut, et s'échappait en éclais stridents. Regnier avait beau faire des observations, il ne gagnait pas grand chose sur cette intempérance de mouvements. Il s'avisa alors d'un stratagème bien curieux o à se révéle génie du professeur. Il prit l'élève à part et lui dit que décidément il le croyait plutot doué pour les rôles de financiers ceneux que l'on appelle dans notre argot thétarla, les rôles à manteaux, et ll lui promit de beaux succès s'il voulait s'y livrer sans reserve. Le jeune Coquelin se fit tirer l'oreille. Les financiers ce ne sont pas là des rôles très-brillants et qui séduisent un garçon de vingt ans. Se vieilli, assourdir sa voix, mesurer ses gestes, voiler son regard, recevoir des nasardes, on ne se résigne pas aisément à ces ennuis quand on sent bouillir dans ses veines le sang chaud de la jeunesse. Mais le maître avait parlé, il fallait bien en passer par où il avait dit, et voilà mon Coquelin qui trois mois

"Ses discours insolents m'ont mis l'esprit en feu, Et je vais prendre l'sir pour me rasseoir un peu."

"C'est ça, mon bonhomme," cria dans l'orchestre une voix moqueuse, "va prendre l'air et ne

"C'est ça, mon bonnomme," cria unus rotateste un deve du Conservatoire sur qui tombent de si reviens pas."

Vous imaginez aisement la colère et le désespoir d'un élève du Conservatoire sur qui tombent de si cruelles tuiles. Coquelin courut chez son maître et lui déclara qu'il ne voulait plus des financiers, qu'il préférait renoncer au théâtre.

"Vous étes las des Orgons," lui dit paisiblement Regnier. "Eh, bien! Qu'à cela ne tienne. Reprenez les valets. Je ne m'y oppose aucunement."

Coquelin se remets donc au rôle du Scapin, des "Fourberies," Il le répéte. O, prodige! C'était une métamorphose. Il semblait que la voix se fût d'elle même replacée dans la poitrine, que le geste eût pris la mesure et les mouvements plus d'ampleur. Tous ses camarades étaient stupéfaits; un sourire de malice satisfaite errait sur les lèvres de Regnier.

Un an après Coquelin sortait du Conservatoire avec son premier prix en poche; quelques années plus

Un an après Coquelin sortait du Conservatoire avec son premier prix en poche ; quelques années plus tard il entrait dans la gloire. FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



dd's "Social Evolution."-Social philosophy is commonly supposed to be an uninteresting subject to the uninitiated. Kidd has, however, written a book on this arid theme which is as absorbing as any fiction. Moreover, when an abstruse science can be brought so clearly within the range of the lay intellect, there is no reason why any one should remain uninitiated. their merits the conclusions reached in a book of so elaborate de-

sign is unhappily impossible within the narrow scope here allotted. But I will

attempt briefly to state the argument.

The first chapter, entitled "The Outlook," reviews the evolution of humanity from the brute condition, with brief references to the successive civilizations of historic times, and the causes for their rise and decay. The author criticizes with some severity the various schools of philosophy for their unintelligent and clearly unscientific attitude toward religious phenomena, which a disciple of Herbert Spencer calls "grotesque fungoid growths" that have clustered round the primitive thread of ancestor worship. Mr. Kidd thinks that one might with equal propriety call the mammalian brain a fungoid growth which has clustered round the primitive dorsal nerve. With a view to discovering the social function of these universal phenomena, he marshals formidable arrays of facts from the domain of biological science, history, and economics. By a novel and exceedingly lucid train of argument, he arrives at the conclusion that the interest of the individual is unalterably opposed to that of society at large. The violent competition which prevails, not only in human society, but throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is an indispensable condition of progress. moment it is for any reason suspended, the species, tribe, or social group begins to wither and decay. We may object to this arrangement as much as we like, but it is undisputable that it is the universal law of life obtaining throughout creation. It would, in fact, be perfectly rational, from the individual point of view, to endeavor to suspend it; and socialism which represents such an attempt is, therefore, individually considered, in perfect conformity with reason. But the penalty of obedience to reason, thus narrowly interpreted, is, according to Mr. Kidd, degeneracy and ultimate extinction. The suffering and degradation of the majority, involved in the dominance of the minority, fit for survival would, in his opinion, justify the rebellion of the former against the latter and the trial on a large scale of a non-competitive organization of society,—though he regards such a trial as foredoomed to failure. The first and gravest problem the socialistic state would encounter would be the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. However equitable the distribution, the moment must come when the necessity would arise for the restriction of population. If this is neglected, the competition which was to be abolished would reassert itself, and the whole beautiful fabric collapse. But if measures are taken to limit the number of births so that a comfortable existence may be secured to all, without industrial or intellectual rivalry, progressive degeneration would be the result, and ultimate ruin. For, says Mr. Kidd, such a society would indubitably receive short shrift when confronted with the vigorous and aggressive life of societies, where, other things being equal, selection, and the stress and rivalry of existence continued.

These arduous conditions of progress, from which humanity cannot emancipate

itself, except under penalty of extinction, Mr. Kidd styles "the cosmic process," and its enforcement, in spite of protesting reason, is the particular function which he assigns to religion. All religions, however primitive, emphasize in some way the social obligation, and compel subordination of individual rights to what is understood to be the common welfare. Morality, the inculcation of which the church undertakes, hedges the individual in on all sides, checks and restrains those of his impulses which are antagonistic to the interests of society, and prescribes to him the sphere within which he is at liberty to pursue his own advantage.

I have contented myself with stating the argument of Mr. Kidd's volume, without comment or criticism. Much might, no doubt, be said on the other side of the question, and probably will be said. No man can, however, read "Social Evolution" without receiving a powerful intellectual stimulus and becoming a more discerning participant in the life of his age. HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



he Month in England.—The most important book of the month, or of many months, is, no doubt, Mr. A. J. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." But, as Porthos said when the mountain fell on him, "c'est trop lourd!" As soon as the book was published, the newspapers raced forth with reviews, for Mr. Balfour is a politician. Had he been a mere author, his volume might have waited long enough. I don't know if the reviewers read it. Mr. Balfour appeals

to the general reader with an ingenuous confidence which I cannot share. The general reader will buy or borrow it (as it is by a politician), but read it,-if I know him,-the general reader won't. It is not Mr. Balfour's fault that it is difficult to read his book: it is the fault of the subject. Where I can follow him. Mr. Balfour's irony seems to me as keen as that of Swift, and more delicate, in proportion to the delicacy of the matter as compared with Swift's, in the "Tale of a Tub." Where I can follow him, I read Mr. Balfour with a perpetual happy He is so gravely and courteously provoking. I bow before this prodigious mass of knowledge-all of it entirely out of my province-this athletic agility of mind, this cunning of fence. But I know nothing of metaphysics, nothing of idealism, nothing of Kant, less than nothing of physics and biology. Where is the general reader who can tackle all that Mr. Balfour knows? Intellectual ladies will have the book on their tables, but, if honest, they will confess that it is "too deep." Having gone through the usual Mill, not to mention Aristotle, and Hegel, and Kant "in cribs," and the Greek philosophers, and having sat at Mr. Green's feet and heard him demolish Hume, a strong yearning for facts, not facts of physical science, possesses me. Now Mr. Balfour writes (in the most diverting way) on the moral consequences of the doctrine of evolution. "We have learned too much," he says, and one can only be thankful that one has not learned it. It is "to put all nobility out of the conception of conduct," and then we are led to see the lack of certainty in "naturalism," and then our "need" of Christianity is dwelt upon. But like Mr. Wilkins Micawber, junior, with his good intentions, we have never carried out Christianity in any direction whatever.

On the whole, Mr. Balfour seems to be skeptical about skepticism, and not disposed to trust physical science even as far as he can see it. Yet, according to a startling remark of Professor Huxley's, he "has science in his blood." And, after this blessing and benediction, Mr. Balfour goes off and accepts the presidency of the Society for Psychical Research! It does not need all his wit and learning to convince one that the popular philosophic cry of any generation is likely, or certain, to prove a mere mystification. One knows that by instinct, or by virtue of historical reading. "Oppositions of science, falsely so-called," the apostle knew them in his day. But is it worth while to argue? Did Pascal persuade one single Jesuit? Will one "naturalist" be converted by Mr. Balfour? The mantle of Pascal has fallen on him, a skeptic and a mystic, and a wit as he is. But, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said, "on opponents one never does

make any impression," and allies are converted already.

Mr. Balfour, after mentioning the sublimity which Kant found in the Moral Law and the starry heaven, says that on the theory of evolution, it would be more natural to compare the Moral Law "to the protective blotches on the beetle's back, and to find them both ingenious." Why "ingenious," if they are not the results of ingenuity, and, if they are, "there is a God, or something very like one." But, on this scheme, "the beauty of holiness" is likely, Mr. Balfour thinks, to lose some of its luster.

This does not seem necessary, as the beauty of holiness is one thing, and its pedigree in evolution is quite another. However, people do reason as if a thing was not beautiful, because there are degrading or unseemly accidents in its pedigree. Now let the student compare Mr. Grant Allen's novel, "The Woman Who Did." Mr. Allen is an evolutionist à tous crins, a Darwinolater of the most cannibal and ferocious. Has the beauty of holiness lost its luster for him? Not a bit of it. The beauty of holiness is exemplified in his novel, when a young woman, the daughter of a dean, goes off to Italy with "a very dear friend," whom, on principle, she refuses to marry. She is a martyr (for her daughter is cross about it, and the mother becomes felo de se), and her soul (which "ceases to exist," according to Mr. Allen,) is "stainless," Well, these are scarcely my own private ideals, but that is not the point. Regarding these actions of his heroine as noble and lofty, Mr. Allen, though a "naturalist," admires in them the comeliness of virtue. He has not lost his taste for the splendor of moral excellence, as Mr. Darwin lost his taste for Shakspeare, and thought him nauseously dull. Therefore, I hope Mr. Balfour need not expect "naturalism" to develop a set of unholy strug-for-lifeurs. Virtue will still be admired, though, to be sure, the definition of virtue is a trifle altered by Mr. Allen.

I read in the Critic that an American author is about to publish fictitious reminiscences of Joan of Arc. The supposed narrator is "The Sieur Louis de Conte," Joan's "page and secretary, her playmate in childhood." Louis de Coutes, (not de Conte, as they say now) Sieur de Rovyron et de Reugles, was two years younger than Joan of Arc, and that a page of fourteen could be her private secretary, I gravely doubt. He left the service of Raoul de Gaucourt for the Maid's in April, 1429, and deserted her's in September, 1429. As a young noble, he is hardly likely to have been the playfellow of peasant children, and I find no trace of the de Coutes in the Domremy district. However, the historical novelist has an absolute right to make free (if he chooses) with history. ANDREW LANG. .



ssays and Studies, by John Churton Collins.— Whatever branch of literature may be languishing in these dull days, when the plaint of the bookseller is heard in the land, the essay flourishes bravely, and waxes fat with continued prosperity. The five "Studies" which Mr. Churton Collins has recently given to the world might be compressed into a modest and inconspicuous pocket manual; but they make their appearance-in England, at

least-in a portly volume of such ample girth that the mere handling of it, let

alone the reading, is no light or easy task.

Yet, notwithstanding the somewhat relentless fashion in which Mr. Collins conveys his information, and the occasional acerbity of his fault-finding, there is a wholesome quality in his blunt conservatism that cannot fail to recommend itself to many minds a little out of harmony with the half disconsolate and wholly supercilious tone of so much modern criticism. The four opening pages on Dryden, with their fervent and masterly vindication of a great writer now so strangely belittled, are enough to prepossess old-fashioned readers in favor of all that is to follow. And what a picture he gives of that turbulent age when genius lent itself to every way of passion; when literature became a recognized weapon of political attack; and wit, the most caustic that the world has ever known, gave immortality to the bitter quarrels of courtiers and men of letters. It was no Arcadia in which Dryden lived, and played his manly part; and Mr. Collins, in his clear appreciation of a day differing so radically from our own, is capable of doing ample justice to the poet who was its master spirit. His defense of Dryden's private character is as generous and as well-timed as his unstituted praise of that matchless vigor and style to which all who love the English tongue must acknowledge their heavy debt of gratitude. "It may be said with simple truth, that what is best in his work is, in our language, the best of its kind."

Equally just and spirited is Mr. Collins' sturdy vindication of Lord Chesterfield, whom he considers to be, after Macchiavelli, the most absurdly misrepresented of writers. Without for a moment glossing over or excusing that which is reprehensible in the earlier letters, he clearly insists that Lord Chesterfield's refined good sense, his balance, his sincerity, his reasonableness, his instinctive application of aristocratic standards in attainment, of aristocratic touchstones in criticism, form precisely the educational corrective of which the present generation stands most sorely in need. In an age distinguished beyond all precedent by recklessness of judgment and a general disregard of established ideals, and in a land where scant reverence is paid to that which is merely beautiful and becoming, nothing, in Mr. Collins' opinion, can be more salutary than communion with a mind so eminently discriminating, with a temper so strictly under the dominion of sobriety and reason. Lord Chesterfield's steady reverence for religion, his steady detestation of all that savored of profanity, his wise determination to believe what he could, and to respect the unshared beliefs of others, were all indications of a nature that had no spiritual side, but was too finely balanced to ignore or underrate the advantages that accrue to humanity from a simple adherence to established dogmas. His moral code, though loosely drawn, was not without its undeviating virtues. "Much experience and reflection," says Mr. Collins, "had enabled him to estimate at its true value what it is in the power of man to enjoy. He had reckoned with existence, and struck the balance."

The three remaining papers in the volume, on "The Predecessors of Shakspeare," on "Menander," and "The Person of Shaksperian Criticism," are distinguished by the same logical, unimaginative, incontrovertible, and unconvincing accuracy. The formidable coldness with which Mr. Collins assails Warburton and Mr. John Addington Symonds is equaled by the formidable fervor with which he defends the much maligned Theobald, and points out the extent of our indebtedness to him. As far as information, judgment, and common-sense can make a man a critic, Mr. Collins is equipped for his task. If these qualities do not always help us as they should to an enjoyment of what is best in literature, neither do they lead us into that quagmire of hopeless confusion, where standards are set aside and all sense of proportion is lost.

## Ten Books of the Month.

FICTION. — The Wish, by Hermann Sudermann. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00. The Judgment Books, by E. F. Ben-

son. Harper & Bros.

IN THE FIRE OF THE FORGE, by George Ebers. D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. \$1.50.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HORN, by Frank R. Stockton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Bog-Myrtle and Peat, by S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50. MISCELLANEOUS. — THE ART OF

Newspaper Making, by Charles A. Dana. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Birdcraft, by Mabel Osgood Wright.

Macmillan & Co. \$3.00.

WILD FLOWERS OF AMERICA, by a corps of special artists and botanists. G. H. Buek & Co.

HISTORICAL. — ENGLISH SEAMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, by J. A. Froude. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF NAPO-LEON, by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. Sampson, Low & Co., London.

sat in the library of a New York club, around the log fire, which the chilly evening made comfortable notwithstanding the lateness of the season. There were a doctor, a prominent clergyman, an artist, a well-known magazine writer and novelist, and an editor. The conversation had turned upon truth in The artist had been reading Grant Allen's recent book, "The Woman Who Did," and some one had quoted the curious inscription which the author has inserted:

" Written at Perugia, Spring, 1893:

" For the first time in my life, wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and my own conscience."

" Have you read Allen's book?" asked

the literarian of the clergyman.

"Yes," he replied, "I keep even with all the current literature of the day; it is as much a part of my work as it is of the editor's there."

"And you think it should be sup-

pressed?

"Undoubtedly, it is the most pernicious of writing, because it comes under a guise of love of truth and love of humanity.'

"Is it an immoral book?" asked the editor, who, with the multiplicity of manuscripts for "immediate reading" always on his desk, found it a difficult task to keep as well posted.

"Well, no, not wholly immoral, perhaps, but subversive of the most sacred of institutions. Such booksought not to be permitted issue. The license of the press threatens the foundations of society."

The literarian, who sat doubled up far back in his easy chair, had taken his cigar from his lips and was knocking the ashes into a receiver; he winced at this remark of the clergyman, who was his good friend, and indeed the clergyman was a dabbler with the pen himself.

"Yet," said the literarian, "this man writes that 'for the first time in his life' he has written all the truth that is in him. Would you not have a man write

the truth as he sees it?"

"Certainly not," replied the clergyman. "If what seems to him the truth order to meet the demands of his subis calculated to do harm, then he may scribers—do you mean to tell me that if I write, but he should not be permitted to step out of the market-place for an hour

NE April evening a party of men publish that which society has come through ages to recognize as harmful."

" And who is the judge of this?

"Society itself. There are established precedents which must not be attacked with impunity.

"For my part," spoke up the doctor, or rather the surgeon, for he was a famous operator, "I cannot agree with you. Take my profession. What progress would ever have been made if we had refused to listen to those who reason out things a priori, who discard precedents, who separate themselves from their surroundings, and are able to rise to that god-like height where it is possible to look down upon the world perfectly freed, alike from prejudice and passion."

"I glanced over this book," said the artist, "and am puzzled to know what to think. Here is a man who takes a quota-

tion from Scripture as his text,

'THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.' and as far as I can discern writes from the depths of his conviction. He is certainly not prompted by selfish motives. I have read a number of the critics' reviews, and find in them a strange medley of accusations: lack of literary merit, lack of philosophy, immorality, untruth, irreligion, and even sensuality. There is a consensus of abuse. It is reported that the book has been removed from the book-stands, and most of my good friends who have read it are loud in their expressions of disgust at its contents."

"And very deservedly so," broke in the lawyer. "Grant Allen has probably sacrificed his entire career of usefulness by imposing upon the public his vagaries. However sincere a writer may be, he must respect public opinion. Refusing to do that, the critics and the reading publie very properly combine to crush him."

Again the literarian took his cigar from between his teeth, and biting the end off, rose and planted his feet well apart before

the blazing logs.

"Do you mean to tell me that if I stop juggling words for this editor here." and reaching over, he shook a long forefinger squarely in the editor's face, "who would and does buy me body and soul in and try to write the pure, unadulterated, unprejudiced, disinterested, unselfish truth, that I am to be crushed; that I am immoral, and even such talents as I may be possessed of, denied? Confound it all, such a world is not worth living in!"

piece off his cigar and then pitching the earlier. He would have made a good cigar itself with a vicious jerk into the bonfire." fire. "After I read the criticisms I was Allen ever wrote. It is dramatic in the replied the doctor. highest degree, and however you may which the book was written. I venture the assertion that there never was less however mistaken she may be in her philosophy. She saw as clearly as you and time." the doctor there, and our guide and pasonce sins; men who sin often and con- victions." stantly are received with open arms by respectable mamas. There is a cruel readers for their opinions," said the arinequality between the sexes. recognized conditions are unjust."

"For heaven's sake, quiet the crank!" bell, and as the servant came up:

"Robert," he said, "you will find a little blue book on the library table, bring it to me." When the servant put it in his hands, he opened it and said: the literarian. "Here, listen to this:

'A crowned Caprice is god of the world: On his stony breast are his white wings furled. No ear to hearken, no eye to see, No heart to feel for a man hath he.

'But his pitiless hands are swift to smite. And his mute lips utter one word of might In the clash of gentler souls and rougher-"Wrong must thou do, or wrong must suffer." 'Then graut, O dumb, blind god, at least that we Rather the sufferers than the doers be.'

"What a pity that the writer of that," to be made a target for every paid critic; said the clergyman, after a moment's that I am to be denounced as ungodly, as hush, "does not believe in Christianity. He has the spirit of Christ, without being a Christian."

"Well," broke in the artist, "all I "Why, I have read this book of Grant can say is that it is lucky for him Allen's," he went on, biting another that he didn't live a couple of centuries

"People have just as determined ways curious to read the book, and it is ar- nowadays of squelching a fellow who is tistically, by all odds, the best thing that injudicious enough to write his beliefs,"

"You are wrong," said the editor, disagree with his ideas of marriage, and coming to the defense of his public. I do disagree with them, any one must "No matter what the critics may write, concede the high moral purpose with the public is a pretty sensible sort of a personality. You recollect what Abraham Lincoln said: 'You can fool all of impurity in any novel ever printed. The the people part of the time, you can fool heroine is a type of the highest character, part of the people all the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the

"Pshaw!" said the doctor. "Let the tor here, are compelled to see, that in the editor ask his readers if they want name of social purity but too often is sincere, honest, soul-written discussions practised a female slavery. Young girls of the philosophy of life—see what anare trained up to sell themselves for po- swers he will get. Not one person in sition and wealth; degradation is the twenty wants to read anything except part of the unfortunate woman who even what is in line with his own con-

> "Suppose our friend here asks his The tist. "Let him print this inquiry in

bold, black type:

"WILL YOU, READER, SEND TO THIS exclaimed the lawyer, good naturedly, MAGAZINE A POSTAL CARD WITH THE and the literarian recognized the ab- word 'YES' or 'No' to this Quessurdity of one of his profession ever drop- TION: Do you wish to read all sides of ping into "dead earnest." He rang the the vital questions agitating men's souls, regardless of your own beliefs; provided always that they are formulated sincerely and unselfishly?"

"The editor won't even do that," said

" His readers wouldn't take the trouble to send a postal if he did," said the

"It is too much out of the established order for him to do," said the lawyer.

"I wish he would," said the clergy-

"I will," said the editor.

R.S.V.P.





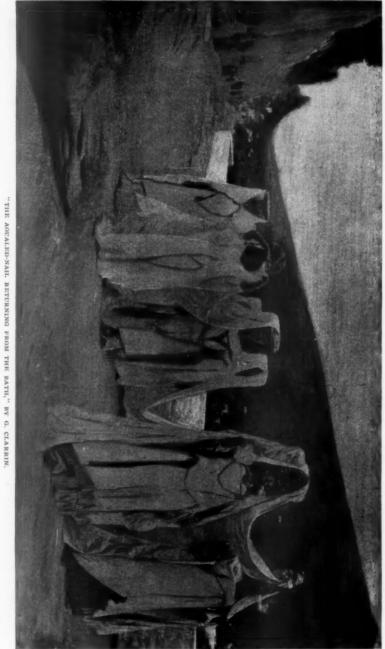
"A STREET CORNER," BY A. H. TANOUX



"INJECTING SERUM FOR CROUP IN THE HÖPITAL TROUSSEAU," BY BROULLET.

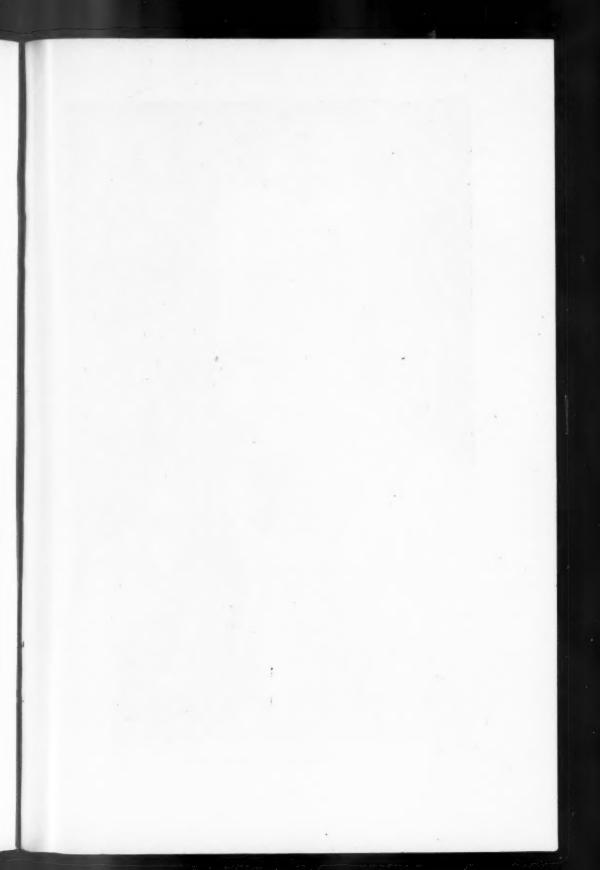


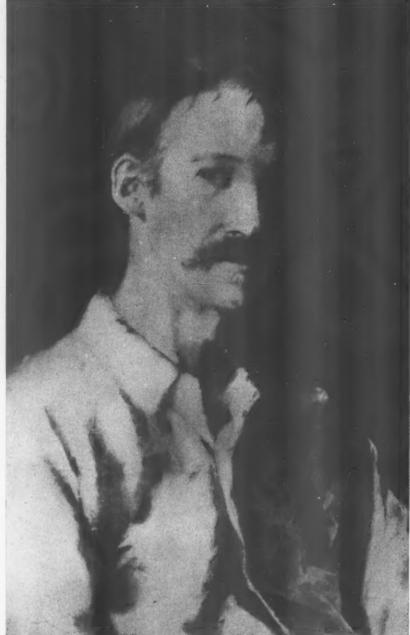
THE POPULAR THEATER," BY CARRIERE.





"THE PASSING OF FORTHWE." BY ALBERT MARCHAN





From the painting by G. P. Nerlt.

Copyright, 1895, by John Brisben Walker.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.